THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

TO MRS. W. L. G——.

Sweet friend, another chequered year
Has almost rolled away;
Again we greet with reverent joy,
The blessed Christmas Day.

"Would," says my heart, "that with the will
I also had the power,
On those I love, all precious gifts
At Christmas time to shower."

Then, tokens fair for each dear friend,
I'd seek throughout the land;
But God, who gave the loving heart,
Denied the wealthy hand.

All I can offer thee, who long
Hast shown me loving care,
Whose smiles have gilded many a cloud,
Are love, and thanks, and prayers.

My love—thou hast it *all the year*—
My thanks—new kindness shown,
Forever open that fount afresh—
My prayers—to Heaven's high throne.

They rise, dear friend, for thee and thine,
Most fervent, most sincere,
That all thy Christmas Days be glad,
And happy each New Year.

MRS. ANNA RACHE.

Christmas Day.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CYPRESS SWAMP.

I had finished my medical course, received my diploma as Doctor of Medicine, and the autumn of 18— found me a traveller in the Red river region of Louisiana. From the far waters of the North I had steamed swiftly down the great valley of the Mississippi, to the point where I had disembarked to pursue the rest of my journey by land; and, on the back of a noble beast, I was now, on a clear, fine day, slowly picking my way through one the most gloomy scenes the Lord ever made.

A cypress swamp of the sunny South!—how shall I describe it? how convey to my reading friend a picture of its awful, death-like gloom?

It is a broad, dead level, of miles on miles in extent, with a muddy, sluggish river flowing through it. At every rise of this river, its waters cover all this level, miles an alluvial deposit, and there stagnate there and remain the greater portion of the year, blooming covered with a thick, green scum. Up through this rich alluvion, stagnant water and green scum, spring millions of gray, crooked trunks, which branch out thickly and support dense canopy of short, dark green leaves, that ten at the best have a scorched and blasted and funereal look. Then these in turn are so draped and interwoven with long, dark, Spanish moss that the brightest sun of the brightest day here makes a twilight of the sepulchral gloom beneath. No gay-plumed, merry warblers ever sing in these dark, dreary thickets—the air being too heavy with fatal miasma for their delicate throats and lungs; but wild beasts of various kind, the hoarse-voiced, wallowing alligator, the gaunt, deadly moccasin, the screeching owl, the flying bat, with lizards, toads, and millions of millions of poisonous mosquitoes, here live and flourish like things of higher life in lovely regions.

Through one of these dismal, miasmatic swamps, I was slowly picking my way at the time I have chosen for the opening of my narrative. I could have gone up the Red river by steam; but my object being to cross the country, and visit various localities that could only be reached by land, I had purchased a horse at a small village on the Mississippi, and boldly set off, without either company or guide. Thus far my overland journey had proved dreary enough. From the very first had been riding through a swamp, that only at the driest season of the year could be crossed by travellers at all—the soft alluvial bottom at all other times being under water from the inundations of the Red river and its tributaries an bayous. Properly speaking, there was no regular road through this swamp—only a sort of path made by cutting down trees and clearing away bushes to the width of a few feet, and which was occasionally used by the few scattered inhabitants living on the higher lands of the various water-courses.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon of a very warm day, and I had been riding for at least six hours through the dreary scene I have attempted to describe, and had not yet met a single human being, or seen the least sign of a habitation.

"Surely," thought I, "if I have not missed my way, I must soon strike some of the higher lands and find the cheerful mansion of a hospitable planter!"

I rode on for another hour, and came to a creek, or bayou, that crossed the path I was pursuing; and the first object I saw was a huge alligator wallowing through it, at which my horse became very restive, snorting with fear. The water was low down in this creek, and the bottom I could see was a sticky mud, that would endanger the life of my horse, if not my own, should I attempt to ride him across. How did people get over here? or did no one ever make the venture? Certainly there were no foot-prints on my whole route, to show that any one had passed here since the last rain. What should I do? The path I had been pursuing, plainly continued on the other side, but I dared not ride my horse into such a muddy stream. Perhaps, by following along the bank, I could find a safe place to cross! I acted upon the idea; and the result was, after riding for an hour, that I found myself so completely entangled among thick bushes, cane, reeds, coarse grass, and the long, Spanish moss, as to be obliged to dismount to extricate myself and horse.

Here was a predicament surely! and I confess that, whatever else I thought, said, or did, I did not bless the hour in which I, a stranger in the country, had set off alone through such a horrid region. I had heard something of the cypress swamps of the South before leaving my native clime, but I now felt I knew a good deal more about one of them than was at all necessary for a healthy understanding of the subject. In the open path I had pursued, I had been annoyed with thousands of mosquitoes ever since setting out; but all I had before seen were as nothing to the black, living cloud I had now got into, and I began to fear they would poison myself and horse to death before I could get back to the place of lesser torment. I was tired and hungry, and so was my poor beast, and the prospect before us was dismal enough. If I could have possibly retraced my steps to the Mississippi before nightfall, I would have done so, and abandoned my overland journey in this direction altogether; but such a thing was out of the question. Night would soon settle over this dismal scene; and the idea of passing long hours of darkness in such a horrible place, filled me with shuddering apprehension. I was about to turn and go back to the road I had quitted, when, on peering into the thicket before me, I fancied I discovered a small opening; and on pushing forward a rod or two further, I did find something resembling the path I had left; and which, coming down along side of the bayou to that point, turned abruptly off toward the interior of the swamp. This path, too, on examination, I found had recently been used; for there were several fresh foot-prints of horses, and this discovery cheered me wonderfully. Where they had gone I certainly could go; and with the hope of soon reaching some habitation, I remounted and urged forward my beast, employing my hands meantime to open the black cloud of mosquitoes before my face and eyes.

A mile further on I came to a little wooden bridge over the bayou. It was so light and frail that I did not dare to trust my horse on it till I had dismounted and examined it, and then I led him over with great caution, he snuffing with fear. It struck me at first that this bridge was not a permanent fixture there, and on close inspection I found a rope attached to it, evidently for the purpose of dragging it away, or securing it to a tree during high-water. The path now led along the other bank of the bayou, and I pushed on as fast as I could; but found no improvement in the route—the same gloomy, monotonous, interminable swamp—till after a ride of some three or four miles, when I suddenly came upon harder and higher ground, and, to my great joy, soon found a small clearing among some loblolly pines, and in this clearing a log-hut, which to my weary eyes seemed to loom up like a princely palace.

"At last," thought I, "I shall find a place to rest for the night."

This, however, was by no means certain; for on riding up to the hut, I saw it had the appearance of being fastened up and untenanted. I hallooed, but received no answer. I dismounted and knocked at the door.

"Who dar?" said a smothered and feeble voice, that articulated with a sort of groan.

"A friendly stranger who has lost his way," I replied.

As there was no rejoinder to this, I ventured to push open the rude slab-door. I was met by such an issue of foul air that I instantly sickened and started back involuntarily.

"In the name of Heaven, who are you? and what is the matter within there?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Marser, I spects I's dying, I does!" was the groaning but feeble response, in the unmistakable voice of a negro.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Spect it am feber, Marser."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, Marser."

"How long have you been sick?"

"I's doesn't know dat, Marser. Oh, for de lub of God, Marser, jes' please fotch poor old Cato a drink ob water!"

"Is there no one to wait on you, Cato?"

"No, Marser, I hbe alone; and dem as comes and finds old Cato sick, goes away, and says dey won't risk dar lives for old nigger. Now, dear Marser, please don't you done go 'way 'fore fotching poor old Cato a gourd ob water, and dat's all I'll ebber wants, I spect."

Here was a duty to perform that would be attended with the most fearful peril! I could only enter the foul, pestilential atmosphere of that miserable abode at the risk of life; but my profession and humanity both imperatively commanded me to go forward and dare all. Is the soldier to shrink from battle because of the flying bullets? Is the physician to recoil from the gasping sufferer for fear of malaria? Out upon such cowardice! We have but one life to live, but one death to die, and let us both live and die so that we may not dread the judgment of Him who shall say to the uncharitable: "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink!"

I tied my horse and went in. I threw open a couple of wooden shutters and let in what light and air I could. I found an old, gray-headed negro lying on some filthy straw in one corner, sick almost unto death with a wasting fever. I will not revolt the feelings of the reader with a description of the horrible scene. My thorough collegiate course had fortified my senses against many sights and scents that the uninitiated would shrink from; but what I now encountered was almost too much for me. I did my duty, however. The old negro had been many days sick, and for the last three not a thing had passed his lips. How he had done without food was easily enough understood; but his sufferings for want of water had been terrible; his tongue was swollen and his parched lips cracked; and he now piteously begged for the liquid element as a man about to be murdered might plead for life. It was contrary to the medical rules of that day to give a fever patient much water; but I felt that the poor fellow could not long survive without it; and as I had only a few simple medicines with me, and probably could not reach his case so as to afford him any relief, I resolved that his last wish should be gratified, and this consolation be his in his exit from a world of pain and trouble. I took up a gourd lying by his side, and he directed me to a spring of clear, cold water, that bubbled up at the foot of a large pine tree. When I returned with the vessel full, he was almost frantic with desire: his eyes fixed on it and glared like a maniac's. I raised his head and held the gourd to his lips. With all his remaining strength he seized it with both hands and drank the whole of its contents.

"God bress you, good Marser! more!" he articulated.

"I am afraid I have allowed you to kill yourself already!" I answered.

"No, no—more! more! God bress you, Marser! more!"

I went to the spring and filled the vessel a second time. I judged it held a quart, if not more. On my return the old negro drank the whole of this.

"Dar!" he murmured, with a satisfied air; "de Lor' in Heaven bress you, good Marser! old Cato kin die happy now."

He laid back, with a smile, closed his eyes, and seemed to fall asleep. For some time I stood and watched him, expecting every moment would be his last. To my surprise I soon perceived that his breathing was becoming more regular and easy, and that a gentle perspiration was moistening his hitherto parched skin. I felt his pulse and thought I discovered a decided change for the better.

Could it be that the course we physicians took to cure in certain cases was the very one to kill? Perhaps so; for the so-called science of medicine has always groped in the dark, only getting at the truth through an accident or blunder. This is an honest confession to the reader, though I will not positively assert that I have often made it to my patients.

Leaving the old negro in a gentle sleep, I now went out into the open air, where I could breathe freer while determining what to do. My first intention was to ride on and endeavor to find some hospitable planter with whom I could pass the night, and then send one of the servants to the assistance of old Cato; but on perceiving that the sun was already sunk behind a black cloud that lay heavily along the horizon, threatening a storm, I thought it would be imprudent to start—for, the way being unknown to me, I should probably get lost and be in a worse condition than I was now. If I could manage to get anything to eat here for myself and beast, and pass the night, I should then have a full day before me. I crossed the clearing to find grazing for my horse, and discovered a long, low structure, pretty well hidden in a thicket. I went into it, and, to my surprise, found it to be a stable for horses, large enough to contain several, and with plenty of hay and grain. What did this stable here? But perhaps Cato was a free negro, richer than I had supposed, and lived by raising horses! At least here were comfortable quarters for my own weary and hungry beast, and I lost no time in making use of them, and putting him where he at least was contented. This done, I next began to look out for my hungry self. I went into the cabin again, and found the negro, not dead, but quietly sleeping. I hunted about the squalid place, and discovered a small bag of rice, a few potatoes, some salt, and an old kettle. I carried these out into the open air, kindled a fire, and cooked a meal that a starving man would have relished much better than an epicure. However, it served to appease the cravings of hunger; and, every thing considered, I was thankful for what I received.

By the time I had finished my repast, the shades of evening were rapidly settling over the whole scene. The cloud in the west was gradually stretching up toward the zenith, with occasional flashes of lightning, and low, rumbling thunder. I went into the house and found my patient still asleep. Not wishing to disturb him, nor remain in a place so very unpleasant, I partly closed the door, to keep out the coming rain, left the shutters open for ventilation, and then set off toward the stable, intending to camp down there for the night. I had only gone a few steps, however, when I heard voices, and the tramping sound of horses, and I stopped to see who might be approaching. A minute after, a couple of mounted men emerged from the thicket into the clearing, and I heard a voice exclaim, as if in joyful surprise:

"Great ginger! if there aint a house at last, Peter Reichstadt, then my name aint Caleb Stebbins! I told you that are hoss-track would lead to so'thing, and it has. Jehoshaphat! but I'm tired as all git out! A log-cabing it is; but what could you expect on sich a tarnation route as this ere? I snum to Guinea, I'm glad of any place to poke my head in, and git a bite, arter the ride I've had in that derned old swamp, 'mong them alligators, snakes and muskeeters! Jerusalem! how they did bite, consarn 'em! and I wouldn't wonder, Peter, if I've lost half my blood this blessed day!"

"I dinks dem was dakes more from me as you already!" was the grumbling reply of the second speaker.

"And so they ought to, Peter, for you've got twice as much blood to spare as I have. If I'm as big and fat as you be, I wouldn't mind losing a few pounds of flesh and blood; but you see I haint got nothing to spare."

"No," returned the other, with a kind of chuckle, "you is a goople of dimes more like a rail as me."

"Oh, wal, I'm not so all-fired thin nother; but I aint a hogshead set up on legs, that's a fact!"

"Vat you means by der hogshead mit der legs, eh?" quickly demanded the other, with some spirit.

"Oh, nothing, Peter, only jest a joke, you know! Wal, here we be, right smack up to the house, and all dark inside, and not a critter stirring. There's where's there's ben a fire though outside, so I guess there's somebody around. Hello the house!"

The travellers had now stopped in front of the hut; but as it was between them and me, I was not perceived. The conversation I had heard had disclosed to me the names and nationality of the two men. Caleb Stebbins was a downright Down Easter, and Peter Reichstadt was a full-blooded Dutchman. I was glad to know I was about to have such companions in that wild, out-of-the-way place; and being from the North myself, Caleb Stebbins seemed quite near to me, as if he might be an old friend or relation—for such is the effect, when far away from home, of meeting some one from the same section of country as yourself. As I had not yet been seen by either of the travellers, and as I felt pretty certain I knew my man, I at once resolved upon having a little quiet joke of my own. Coming suddenly around the corner of the hut, just as the Yankee, having tried the second halloo, was in the act of dismounting, I looked at him steadily for a moment, and then ran up to him, seized his hand, and exclaimed:

"Why, as I live, I do believe this is Caleb Stebbins, from away Down East! My dear fellow, how do you do? I am delighted to see you here!" And then, before the astonished Yankee could get his open mouth shut for a reply, I turned to his companion, and added: "And here is Peter Reichstadt too!—this is indeed a double pleasure!"

The gaping astonishment of the two men was to me ludicrous in the extreme, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I could restrain myself from a burst of laughter directly in their faces. They had of course forgotten the fact of their names having been spoken in my hearing; and supposing me to be really acquainted with them, both looked comically puzzled and foolish, while trying their best to bring my person to their recollection, and remember where and when they had seen me before.

"Wal, I snum to Guinea," at length exclaimed the Yankee, doffing his hat and scratching his head, "I'm tarnal glad to meet an old acquaintance, like you be, down here, that knows me, that's a fact; but of you was to skin me alive this minute, I couldn't call you by name, or jest exactly tell where I'd seen you afore. Say, Peter, how is't with you now?"

"I dinks it was a good ways back already!" replied the Dutchman.

"What!" said I; "don't you know Walbridge—Leslie Walbridge—who graduated at the University in Philadelphia?"

The Yankee and the Dutchman stared hard at me, and then thoughtfully, inquiringly and curiously at each other. Evidently they wanted to recognise me, and it amazed them to find they could not.

"It's mighty queer, I snum!" at length replied Mr. Stebbins; "but I can't somehow jest recollect you this minute; though, if I do know you, (as I spect I do, or else how'd you know me?) I'm right glad to meet you s'gin out here, where good folks, or in fact any folks at all, seem to be rather scase. Be you the owner of this here shanty?"

"No, I am only a traveller, putting up here for the night."

"Yes, wal, I thought you didn't look like a feller that had got down to owning sich a consarn of a house exactly. Why in thunder don't people build frame houses, like we do Down East, and not waste good logs in putting up sich humly things to live in, I'd like to know? I guess maybe you're the traveller, then, whose hoss-tracks we've been follering for miles?"

"Very likely."

"Yes, wal, who's the owner here? and where is he?"

"An old negro, who is lying sick inside, with a very dangerous fever, is the only person I have been able to find on the premises."

"Great ginger!" cried the Yankee, starting back, with a look of alarm; "d'you 'spect the fever's ketching?"

"It may be—I would not like to sleep in the same room with him."

"Guess not! Jehoshaphat! phew! What'll we do, with night and that are thunder-shower right on us?"

"I think of sleeping in the stable."

"Then there's a stable, hey?"

"A good one, and plenty of fodder."

"Hooray! that's luck! hey, Peter?"

"I dinks yaw!" replied his companion.

The two men now hastened to stable and feed their horses; and by the time this matter was completed, it had become quite dark, and large drops of rain were beginning to fall. I explained in what manner I had made my own supper; but though quite hungry themselves, they were obliged to defer following my example while the storm lasted, which was about two hours.

As soon as the rain ceased, they set about collecting sticks, and in a few minutes had a bright, cheerful fire, over which they succeeded in boiling some rice and potatoes. Taking a blazing brand, I went into the hut meantime and examined my patient, whom I was much gratified to find still sleeping as gently as an infant, and I left him for the night.

In personal appearance there was quite a contrast between my new acquaintances, though each was about the same age, say five-and-twenty, and some three years my senior. The Yankee was of the medium size and rather thin, with a keen eye and sharp, shrewd features; while the Dutchman was short and stout, with a broad, full face, and a dull, phlegmatic expression. I may also state here that they had first met on the Ohio as travellers, had discovered through conversation that each was bound southward on a tour of observation and possible speculation, and had since kept company and become very warm friends. They had purchased their horses in Tennessee, and had ridden them down through the state of Mississippi, and had finally entered upon the same journey up the Red river as myself, and on the same day, but at a later hour. They had followed my horse's tracks, and thus overtaken me at the negro's hut. For a considerable time they were much puzzled to know where and when they had met me before; but at length I explained the joke to them, and we all had a hearty laugh together.

As soon as they had finished their supper, we put out the fire, retired to the stable, threw ourselves down on some hay, and congratulated ourselves that we were so comfortably fixed for passing the night in peace and safety. We hoped for undisturbed and refreshing repose, and so fell asleep, but only to be awakened in a manner not the most congenial to travellers in a strange place.

CHAPTER II.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

I was dreaming of standing at the altar, with a young and lovely bride, when suddenly some dark body, surmounted by a death's head, passed between us. I seemed to start back in horror, and fancied the warning word, "Beware!" was uttered in my ear. I awoke with a shudder, and heard the voice of Stebbins, in a cautious whisper:

"I say you, Doctor Walbridge—be you awake?"

"Yes, what is it?" I replied, in the same cautious manner.

"There's so'thing going on that I don't exactly like."

"Where? what?"

"There! hark! don't you hear them voices?"

I did now hear strange voices, as of several men conversing together in low tones, and also the stamping of horses' feet."

"Belated travellers perhaps!" suggested I.

"They aint strangers like us, any how, or they'd never found out this ere place in the dark!" said Stebbins. "I tell you I don't like it, that's a fact."

"What do you apprehend?"

"Wal, I don' know; but when a feller's away from home—a stranger, in a strange place, in a strange country—he's like to be afeard of most everything. I've heern say that there's some putty rough chaps down in these ere parts, that

wouldn't much stop at cutting a man's throat if they could make anything by doing on't."

"Are you armed?"

"Wal, yes, I've got a couple of pistols; but the flints aint none of the best, I guess. I bought 'em 'fore I started, and loaded 'em; but, I snum to Jerusalem, I never expected to use 'em!"

"You had better reprime them," said I; "and, if necessary, I can lend you a couple of flints. I also have a brace of pistols, which I know to be in good order—for, ever since setting out from home, I have made it a point to be prepared for the worst. How is it with your friend Peter?"

"Oh, he's well armed too. But I say you—d'you expect we're agoing to git into a muss now? Great ginger! it's what I don't like a bit."

"I hope we shall have no trouble of course, but I know no more what may happen than yourself. If we should have trouble, I suppose you will stand your ground?"

"If there aint no way to git off, I 'spose I'll have to," replied the cautious Yankee; "but fighting's a thing I don't like, I tell you!"

"Is your friend Peter awake?"

"Yaw, I was woke up already der fust ones," replied Peter himself. "I was shoost sleeping away a good deal, vas I hears der hosses and der mens, and I shakes mine friend here and tells him."

"You will fight, Peter, if necessary?"

"Yaw, I dinks yes."

"Well, now let us prepare ourselves for the worst, and keep perfectly quiet till we find out something definite. These men may be only neighboring planters, who are out for a night-hunt, or are returning home from some gathering, in which case their arrival here may be rather fortunate for us than otherwise. Let us keep quiet now and listen, and perhaps we may gather from their conversation what we are so anxious to know. Hark! they are coming this way. Don't let them even hear us breathe!"

The tramp of the horses, and the voices of the speakers, drew nearer as I spoke, and immediately after we were able to distinguish the words:

"You know, Blake, the Captain said we should only stop here long enough to feed, if we did at all, and he'd much rather we'd push through to Lake Dismal at once and make the thing sure. We don't know what minute the country may be up, and some of these planters are devils on a trail after either horse or nigger, and this business is even worse, you know. If they catch us, goodby to this world."

"Oh, you're always scared at your shadow, Joe. How in blue blazes are they going to catch us, even if we do stay here all night? Haven't we ridden twenty miles to-night at least, and been ferried over one broad bayou, so that even a blood-hound couldn't follow?"

"Still, you know the Captain——"

"Fiddlestick!" interrupted the other; "pure, downright,——nonsense! Of course the Captain wants us to be cautious, and who's agoing to be anything else? We can stay here in safety, and go on all the better at daylight. In fact it's my opinion we can't go on *till* daylight; for nothing but a jack o'lantern could ever get safely through that infernal swamp on such a night as this, and more especially after the rain we've had! We shall be all the better for this rest, the horses will be the better for it, and so will the girl. Come, boys, what do you say?"

"Jest you does the fixing on't for us, and we'll do what you says," repeated the voice of a coarse, illiterate fellow.

"Yes, them's 'em—that's what we'll do!" observed another.

"Then, if you leave it to me," rejoined the voice of Blake, "I shall decide on staying here till daylight."

"And of course you will take the responsibility?" said the voice of him who had been addressed as Joe.

"Yes, I'll take the responsibility!" answered Blake.

"Enough said then! Shall we stable our horses? or feed them outside?"

"Where's old Cato? he'll know best. Let him arrange and tend to them while we're stretching our limbs."

"That's whar I spect he's got us," put in one of the coarser ruffians—for ruffians I now felt certain they were; "that nigger I reckon's gone dead!"

"Dead, Jim?"

"Wouldn't wonder of his carcass was rotting inside the shanty thar, I wouldn't!"

"Why do you think so?"

"'Cause, when I's this here way a few days ago, he war going it rough with a——swamp fever, and I don't b'lieve the cussed thing let up on him. Anybody as wants to kin put thar nose in the door and take a whiff and ax the question, but ef I does may I be——!"

"Well, then, we must attend to our horses ourselves," said the voice of Blake; "and I think we may as well stable them, for they'll eat their grain better from the mangers. Somebody pass the lantern here!"

"Now is our time!" whispered I to my companions; "we must leave the stable before they enter here, or we shall be caught."

"But where'll we go to?" inquired Stebbins, in evident alarm.

"Anywhere that will afford us concealment."

"Great ginger! and how'll we git our hosses out?"

"We can't—we must leave them where they are."

"Maybe these are scamps 'll run off with 'em."

"Well, do you want to lose your life by staying here to guard them?"

"Not by a great hokey sight, I snum!"

"Then you have no time to lose. Follow me, and don't make the slightest noise!"

I hurried to the principal door, opened it softly, and slipped out, my companions being close at my heels. I saw, by the dim light of a lantern which one of the party held up before him, a group of some half-a-dozen men and as many horses, surrounding a female figure, who appeared to have a handkerchief bound around her mouth, which she was making signs to have removed.

"What's the use of keeping her gagged, Joe?" said the voice of Blake. "She'll be quiet here, I dare say; and if she's so foolish as to set up a cry, we can gag her again. That handkerchief must be hurting her delicate mouth, and you know we were not to use any more force than necessary. I'm for removing it at once. What do you say?"

"I'm willing," answered Joe, "if she'll agree not to scream."

"There, she nods her head in reply," rejoined Blake, "and so out with it!"

The stable being, as I have said, in the centre of a thicket, probably placed there for a nefarious purpose, and intended to be concealed from the casual eye, it was an easy matter for us to secrete ourselves in a position where we could watch the ruffians and overhear their conversation and at the same time run but little risk of discovery. That there was some foul scheme afoot, was very evident, and I was anxious to find out what it was, with a determination, so far as lay in my power, to frustrate villainy and right the wronged. That some female had been kidnapped, and borne hither with speed from a distant locality, was clearly to be inferred from the conversation we had overheard; but whether she was white or black, young or old, handsome or homely, we had yet to learn. The first words she spoke, however, after the gag was removed from her mouth, convinced me that she was intelligent, refined and educated; and to to say that from that moment I became most deeply interested in her welfare, is only to admit that I was not callous to all feelings of humanity.

"Oh, men," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak, "to what strange, wild place have you brought me! and what are you going to do with me?"

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Brandon!" replied the voice of Blake, in a tone of some deference; "we're not agoing to do you any bodily harm, and only put that gag in your mouth from the necessity of the case; for it wouldn't have done, you see, to have had any more shrieking from you at the start."

"You know me then, it seems!" she said.

"Of course I do," answered the other.

"I do not remember your face," she pursued.

"Probably not, for I reckon you never saw it before."

"Do you know my father, Colonel Brandon?"

"Well, we all know something of him, I'm thinking—eh! boys?" replied the other, in a tone that seemed to indicate some secret enmity.

To this there came a growling response from the other ruffians, interlarded with several coarse, wicked oaths.

"Better not say much about him!" put in the voice of Joe.

"Horset's right!" said Blake; "your father's name, Miss, don't bring up the best feelings in this party."

"Horset!" repeated the lady; "is this person named Horset?"

"Joe Horset, at your service!" replied the man himself. "Do you know me?"

"Not personally, sir—though your name sounds familiarly."

"You've heard it before then?"

"I am almost certain I have."

"Was it connected with a public whipping?" inquired the other, in a sullen, angry tone.

"My father is rich," said the lady, quickly, as if seeking to avoid a reply to the question of the other; "and if you will put me to ransom, I will insure you all a handsome sum and no questions asked."

"We're obeying orders, and have nothing to do with your ransom," said Blake.

"Who is your chief, then?"

"That we don't tell."

"Nor what you are going to do with me?"

"No, nor that either. Come, boys," he pursued, in a commanding tone, "put up these horses now at once, and then let us see about passing the night in the most comfortable way. Please dismount, Miss—I'll help you down. There you are now, and probably feel rather disagreeable from being soaked. Shall we kindle a fire for you to dry yourself by? or will you camp down in the stable and try to get some sleep? for we must be off again at daylight. I would offer you the hut there; but if the old nigger inside is either sick or dead, I suppose it wouldn't suit you!"

"I am your prisoner," replied the lady, "and will do what you advise, thanking you for all the kindness you may be pleased to show me."

"That's a sensible way to talk, at all events; and if you don't feel too disagreeable in your wet clothes, I think you had better camp down in the stable at once. You may rest without fear; for we've got our orders, and none of us will disturb you."

"And why am I kidnapped? and where are you going to take me? and when shall I see the man you call your captain or chief?" inquired the lady, in a tone of self-possession that to my mind indicated a rather remarkable personage.

"Please don't ask me any troublesome questions, Miss Brandon," said Blake, "but decide at once whether we shall kindle a fire for you or not!"

"No, sir!" replied the lady, in a haughty, offended tone; "don't trouble yourself any more about my welfare than your *orders* absolutely require!"

"Very well, Miss—I take you at your word!" rejoined Blake; "and so please move on to the stable!"

At this moment there came an exclamation from one of the men who were putting up the horses.

"Hello!" called out the fellow; "here's somebody ahead of us; here's horses already!"

The rest of the party hurried to the stable with the lantern, and great was the surprise of all at finding our horses there. At first they seemed disposed to believe that the animals had been put there by some of their own gang; but on discovering our bridles, saddles and saddle-bags, they decided they belonged to travellers; and the next natural question was concerning the whereabouts of the owners.

"They're in the shanty, I reckon," said one; "and if we want to take 'em by surprise, we'd better not make too much noise."

"That's a fact," returned Blake; "and so whist, boys—be quiet! Open the saddle-bags there," he added, "and let us see what is in them!"

"Great ginger! they'll git all my things!" whined Caleb Stebbins, almost loud enough to be overheard.

"You had better keep your mouth shut, or they will get you too!" said I, in a stern whisper.

"Consarn 'em! how mad it makes me, to stand here doing nothing and have sich thieves fumbling over my things!" returned the Yankee, in a cautious whisper.

"What have you got in your saddle-bags of value? money?"

"No, but lots of notions and things."

"Hello! here's a Bible!" said one of the ruffians.

"That's mine!" whispered Caleb.

"And here's a hymn-book!"

"That's mine tew!" groaned the anxious Stebbins.

"And here's a fine-tooth comb, a lot of tracts, a shaving-brush, soap, razor, a thimble, some needles, thread, two shirts, a pair of dirty stockings, a——"

"There, that will do, Joe," interrupted the voice of Blake; "we don't want to waste our time here over such trash, which I suppose belongs to some canting, snivelling, abolition preacher, whom we'll hang on the first tree as soon as we catch him!"

"Great ginger! only hear 'em now!" gasped the frightened Yankee.

"Any money there, Horset?"

"Don't find any."

"Pitch the things to the dogs then, and let us hunt for the owners! Somebody take the lantern and look through the stable—up on the mow—all around."

While this was going on, we took the precaution to silently withdraw ourselves further back into the thicket, though not entirely beyond earshot. Presently we heard one of the fellows say:

"Tear's nobody here now, though I've seed a place here as looks like they mought have camped down."

"Well, Welsh, do you and Ditson stay here and keep a sharp lookout, while the rest of us slip down to the hut and see what we can find there!" said the voice of Blake, in a guarded tone. "If we have got three strangers here among us, it is very important that we find them as soon as possible! Miss Brandon, you will please to remain here till we come back! Boys, the lady stays with you: sharp's the word, you know! Come, pass along the lantern—for you don't need it and we do: I'm not going into that nigger kennel in the dark."

A minute after, we knew, from what we had heard and by the movement of the light, that all but two of the ruffians had set off to search for us at the dwelling of the old negro; and it then occurred to me that we might perform a very worthy exploit in their absence, by stealing up and mastering the two fellows at the stable, getting out our horses and dashing away with the young lady—or, at least, that this would be a very worthy exploit if we *could* accomplish it. But the question was, could this be done? and would it be prudent to attempt it? In a hurried whisper I threw out the suggestion to my companions, and the cautious Yankee replied:

"It 'ud be a tarnal slick trick if we could do it, Doctor—but I'm afeard we couldn't. S'pose we'd fail—wouldn't we be a tarnal sight wuss off than we be now?"

"We should not be any better off, that is certain," I replied. "We have some things in our favor for the attempt. We are three to two against these fellows at the stable, and could easily master and manage them; but then, if they were to give the alarm to their companions, and so bring them upon us before we could get our horses ready for mounting, it would be an unpleasant business for us, to say the least."

"Don't let's run any risks then!" said the cautious Caleb; "for, consarn it all, I don't want to git into any more trouble!"

"But our horses, Mr. Stebbins—how are we ever to get possession of them again, unless we embrace the present opportunity?"

"And all my things tew!" groaned the Yankee. "I snum to Jerusalem! it's tew bad, that's a fact! D'you think we could venter and git off safe now? come!"

"I think perhaps it might be a fair risk," I replied. "In the first place, I believe we could steal up so as to take these fellows completely by surprise, and at least secure them, if not prevent them giving an alarm; that done, we should be three to four against the others, (for I only counted six,) masters of the stable, and as well armed probably as themselves, with all the horses at our command. In the second place, the hut is distant from twenty to thirty rods, and, unless a very loud alarm were to be raised, the main party might not hear anything to draw them back here in a hurry, in which case I think we should have ample time to bridle and saddle our horses and get off."

"Great ginger! and where'd we go?"

"Ah, that indeed! I know no more of the country than yourself."

"And them fellers coming right arter us tew!"

"For our own safety, it would be best to either kill their horses, hamstring them, or turn them loose."

"How'd it do to take 'em along, hey? kind o' seize on 'em like, hey? d'you think it 'ud be stealing, hey?" queried the Yankee, with an eagerness that showed that he was by no means indifferent to gathering an honest penny by the spoils of war.

"Before we attempt to seize their horses, I think we had better make sure of our own," replied I. "And that reminds me that time is passing, that the others may soon return, and that, if we are to do anything, we must set about it forthwith."

"I snum to Guinea! I don't know what to say now—I don't, really!" rejoined Caleb, in a very nervous, fidgety manner. "If I's only sartin we'd come out all right, I wouldn't mind the risk. I aint afeard, you see—but I don't like to fail, you know. What d'you think, Peter? come now?"

"I dinks what you dinks!" replied the Dutchman. "I don't dinks not'ing mineself. I shoost does how you wants me."

"In other words, you are ready to stand, run, or fight?" said I.

"Yaw, dat's it."

Stebbins, however, could not exactly make up his mind what was *best* for us to do.

"If I only knowed we'd succeed, you know," he explained, at considerable length, "I'd be your man afore you could say Jack Robinson; but I'd hate to fail in this ere business, most tarnally. It aint 'cause I'm afeard,—for that aint the natur' of the Stebbinses; my gran'ther fit in the Revolution, and I guess I shouldn't run very fur if I's in battle myself—though I'll allow I don't hanker arter that are kind of glory; but I don't jest want to put myself in them fellers' power, that's a fact—'specially sence, as you heerd 'em say, they'd hang me to the fust tree."

"In short, to make an end of the whole matter," said I, "if I go, I must either go alone, or with only Peter for a companion."

In reply to this, the Yankee was proceeding with another lengthy explanation, when suddenly his voice was checked by the shout of one of the men at the stable.

"Hello!" cried the fellow, at the top of his lungs; "fetch back the lantern, quick! the gal's gin us the slip!"

The next moment I heard the rustling of the bushes and a lady's dress quite near us; and making a few hurried steps forward, I encountered her so suddenly as literally to find her in my very arms. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commence this new story by Mr. Bennett in our present number.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

THE PAST YEAR.

Like an overripe fruit from the tree of Time a year has dropped into the abyss of the Past; fallen with all its hopes and fears, its false promises and broken resolutions, its bright plans and warm aspirations; and as the ocean closes over a sinking ship, so shall Oblivion close over the year that has gone, leaving but some floating bits of wreck to remind us of a noble cargo foundered. But a faint morning gleam flecks the sea, and above the horizon lift the sails of the coming year. What cargo it shall bring to port who shall tell? As we look forward now, so a year ago we looked forward, with hopeful or fearful eyes, into an unknown future. Few of us have had our hopes realized; far too few of us are better or wiser for a year's lessons.

Born in the night and dying in the night, the year has passed like a dream; already many of its events have the vagueness of a half-forgotten vision. To some it has been a dream of sunshine and delight; to some of midnight gloom; to many, the vision of an April day, mingled smiles and tears; to some—a blank. Many and many the years since man began; few, alas, unforgotten; few strong enough to write their own biographies on the open page of time in those indelible characters which neither change nor decay can obliterate. Let us glance at the record of the past year and see what claim it has on the attention of the future.

Its political record is not unimportant. In our own country the fever of the few preceding years has abated. War has done its work and we are slowly reaping its fruits, reaping the mingled wheat and tares sown by the red hand of battle. In South America we have had a striking instance of a small and unfriended state successfully defending itself against powerful surrounding nations. The borders of Paraguay are yet her line of defence. Her obstinate resistance has sown dissention in the camp of her confederated foes, and gained her an important ally in Bolivia, while all the glory of the war is hers. In Mexico the problem of foreign occupation is nearly solved. A disunited and factious people have foiled the efforts of France to possess their country, till, after years of struggle, Maximilian has little more than his crown as evidence of his empire. In Chili we have seen another attempt of Europe to set foot on the soil of America, and have seen Spain retreating with no further glory than that of having destroyed a defenceless city, if she claims that as glory. Europe should ere this have learned that we have open arms for her as an immigrant, but have no room for her as a conqueror.

In Germany we have seen the ancient empire of Austria fall before the onslaught of a vigorous young power that was not born when Austria was at her climax of power. In a campaign almost unexampled for brevity and vigor the map of Europe has been changed, the German confederation has become a Prussian empire, and the ambitious ideas of Frederick the Great culminated in a remarkable advancement of the territory and importance of his kingdom. In Candia an oppressed Christian people, after a strong effort for liberty, have probably fallen before the arms of a more barbarous foe. Such a spectacle is always distressful; for civilizations have a natural community of feeling and antipathy to the success of barbarism. Ignorance and retrogressive principles are becoming hateful to our eyes, while we are the natural allies of all advancing peoples.

In fact all Europe has seemed resting on a stratum of war and revolution, with much of ominous sound rising from below. The Papal power, the growth of a thousand years, and that once held the Christian world in its grasp, has now scarce foot-room on the earth. Green Erin, weary of the long protest against misrule made by her degraded condition, is threatening a revolt, which must be settled either by concessions or gunpowder, that powerful agent in quieting troublesome demands.

Peace too has its triumphs to show. Our own country displays several brilliant results of engineering skill. Thus Chicago has eclipsed the celebrated Thames tunnel in the remarkable achievement of tunnelling Lake Michigan, and by it solved the problem of obtaining an inexhaustible supply of pure water. Another of our cities, Cincinnati, has achieved its marvel, having thrown a bridge across the Ohio with an iron span of unprecedented length, some five or six times the length of that of our new Chestnut street bridge, the completion of which is not the least wonder of the year. An example of a yet bolder idea is shown in the project of tunnelling the English Channel, and of a grand accomplishment, in the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. England has tied the continents together with threads woven of the lightning, the heart-beat of Europe thrills the pulse of America, the will of America moves the limbs of Europe, for a world-nerve underlies the ocean and henceforth the two continents are one.

The Russian and American Telegraph now being laid through a desolate wilderness and far up into the frigid zone, is no less important an undertaking; while an enterprise of equal boldness and more world-wide importance is our Pacific Railroad, rapidly advancing, and destined to be a prime agent in peopling that vast territory through which it extends, and in bringing within easy reach of our Atlantic coast that Asia which a few centuries ago it was the problem of the world to reach by sea. In Paris the preparations have been made for a World's Fair of unexampled grandeur and magnificence, and if the year's operations of the United States Patent Office represent in any degree the general progress of the world, there will be a most striking exhibition.

In Science there have been some points of interest. The Meteoric Shower, which visited England, if it did neglect us, was important, both in its fulfillment of a Scientific prophecy, and as another example of that character of periodicity of which natural phenomena have already displayed so many unexpected instances. The visit of Professor Agassiz to Brazil, and his discoveries of excessively numerous species of fish in the Amazon, and indications of a Glacial action surpassing anything yet discovered in other quarters of the world, is not the least of the year's accomplishments. We might mention the meeting of Social Science Congresses, the application of the Magnesium Light to Photography, the surprising feat of telegraphing through the length of both Atlantic cables with a single galvanic pair contained in a lady's thimble, and much besides of importance, to prove that the past year has a record of which any of its brothers might be proud.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. A Novel. By WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic.) Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

A "Congress" of Fashion.

The Paris correspondent of a London journal says:—

"The *arbiter elegantiarum* of Paris is M. Eugene Chapus, of *Le Sport*. M. Chapus tells me that the 'Directing Committee of the High World of Paris' held a meeting recently to deliberate on the reform of certain social relations. The committee came to the conclusion that a gentleman or lady at table may or may not, as he or she pleases, follow the old custom of breaking on the plate the shell of the egg that has been eaten—of not pouring coffee into the saucer, however it may be—of breaking, not cutting, bread—and of not eating or drinking the whole of what is served—but that he or she must not, under pain of social ostracism, 'allow the fork to travel from one hand to the other.'

"The fork," adds M. Chapus, "must be kept invariably in the left hand, and the knife in the right, without permitting them, on any pretence to rock, as is done with certain pieces on the chess-board." Your readers will see that this is in accordance with the English rule, though I believe the English table code, more merciful, does not punish a man with death for taking his fork in his right hand. But it must greatly embarrass the bulk of the French people, whose rule it is to cut their food into bits and then carry it to the mouth by the fork in that hand. It must still more embarrass the Germans, who, in the conveyance of their aliments, use the knife, or the knife and fork combined. However, the Directing Committee knows best what is good for us, and we must obey its mandates without murmuring."

THE MYSTERIES OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.—A gentleman in St. Louis, who determined to test the matter relative to the haunted house in that city, after detailing the noise made, gives the following as the result of his investigations. He says: "It now flashed upon me that the rustling sounds and heavy blows apparently upon the floor, proceeded from the horses in an adjoining stable. I laughed again. The silk skirts were simply whisps of hay which the quadrupeds were eating and tossing about, and the groans and sighs were simply the coughs and snorts of the same creatures. One mystery remained unsolved—the rattling of the door. On examining the door, I found that the rats had gnawed a semicircular hole at the bottom; over this hole a piece of tin had been nailed, and the rattling of the door was caused by the attempts of a large rat to gain ingress into the room."

☞ There used to be a good English clergyman connected with the Providence Conference who had a carpet-bag marked with the single initial L. On one occasion in those times the annual sitting of the conference finished its business and reached the final adjournment in the afternoon, but a few minutes before the hour when the members were to leave town. Many of them, anticipating such a state of things, had taken their baggage to the church where the sessions were held, and as soon as the benediction was pronounced there was a rush for the pile of valises and bags in the entry. Our English friend was at the last end of the crowd, and not being able to get to the pile, stood at the outside of the circle, crying out, "As any brother seen a carpet-bag marked Hell?"

☞ "The work of a thousand men for four years," is the inscription upon the immense railroad bridge which has just been erected across the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, Maryland.

☞ Rev. Dr. Dix, of New York, said, in a late sermon, that he could mention an Insurance Company with a property of $44,000,000, and at least three individuals in that city who were worth $50,000,000 each.

☞ A man died recently in Shrewsbury, Mass., who had become so advanced in his second childhood, that for some months he had persisted in carrying a bed with him each night a rag doll which belonged to one of his grandchildren.

☞ Labor in Switzerland is worth from ten to twenty cents a day. The women do as much farm labor as the men, and thus have their "*rights*" to a considerable extent.

☞ Marble fireplaces should not be washed with suds; it will in time destroy the polish. After the dust is wiped off, rub the spots with a nice oiled cloth, then rub dry with a soft rag.

☞ A Virginia gentleman has a gun with which he has shot seventeen hundred deer.

☞ The champagne cellars at Epernay are about four miles big and contain five million bottles.

☞ California which in 1857 imported about 50,000 barrels of flour, can export this year, according to the estimate of the California Farmer, something like 2,500,000 barrels.

☞ A lady has gone into the freighting business between Nebraska City and Denver. She owns a train of five wagons, which she conducts herself, receiving her freight, hiring her hands, and superintending the loading and discharging.

☞ "It's a long lane that has no turning"—but even with the present fashion of long trains you can't turn a mousselin de Laine.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

INDIGO—WHAT IT IS—APPEARANCE—CULTURE—MANUFACTURE—DULCEAN ARCHITECTURE—WIND MILLS—WATER WHEELS—RAMS—FINE FABRICS—SPINNING—WEAVING—A FUTURE FOR BOLIVIA.

Within the last ten days I have heard a city dealer in drugs and dye stuffs snub a country customer somewhat brusquely upon the Indigo question. The colloquy ran in this wise: Mr. Rural, complaining of the high price of Indigo, remarked that he supposed the price depended much upon the season and vicissitudes to which the plant is liable in countries where it is grown.

"Season!—*Plant!*—Grows!" echoed the man of drugs, with increasing emphasis and larger exclamation points. "Why, Mr. W., you are green about Indigo. Talk about seasons—plants—*growing* Indigo! Ha! ha! ha! Indigo is no more a vegetable than pig iron is. It is a mineral, sir, and like all other minerals dug out of the earth."

"Guess you are a leetle mite more *blue* about *Indigo* than I am green," Mr. W——— said with a smile at the drug man's ignorance, and withdrew, probably to search for a dealer in Indigo who had a better knowledge of what the material is made.

As the Indigo education of perhaps three-fifths of all the consumers of that very necessary blue, both in the United States and elsewhere, is probably quite as deficient as that of our druggist friend, and as has already been observed, considerable quantities of very fair Indigo are produced in the Andean valley of Dulce, the manipulation and manufacture of which, as well as the growth, structure and general appearance of the Indigo plant, correspond in all essential features with those in all other countries where commercial Indigo is grown and made; a few brief paragraphs, telling the public something about Indigo—how it grows, what it is like, how manufactured, &c., may be both entertaining and instructive.

The Indigo of the Val de Dulce is identical with that of the Amazon regions, Central America, Mexico, and the West India Islands—the *Indigofera disperma*, having a dual character, the plant growth above ground, being annual, and the roots triennial, running sometimes into perennial habits, producing fair crops for ten years spontaneously. But the general practice is to crop three years, and then replant. The average height of the plant when fit for cutting is about three feet—in appearance resembling nearest the common "sweet clover" of our gardens, growing quite as straggling and unsymmetrical.

The planting is mostly done in November, the land having first been carefully cleaned of all weeds and divided by shallow drills about three inches deep and twenty apart, the drills being scooped out with a curious crooked stick fashioned into an awkward cross between a hand-plough, sugar scoop and wooden hoe, with a long handle, dragged along by hand, and two turns and repeat complete a furrow. The seeds are dropped by hand, the intention being to gauge them about a foot apart, boys and girls following the men and women droppers, covering the seeds an inch in depth, more or less. A bushel of seed is sufficient to plant about five acres. During the season of growth the cultivation is thorough and almost continual, all weeds being carefully removed, as any foreign plants cut with the Indigo would greatly injure the quality.

The plants come to perfection for cutting in from two to three months after planting, the proper season being indicated by a dark-green powder or farina covering all the foliage and stems. At this stage the plants are cut, usually from four to five inches above the ground, leaving two or three of the lower branches with the stubble, which are called "ratoons." These will yield a second crop fit for cutting in about six weeks after the first comes off. The first year's crop is usually light, those of the second and third years maximum, after which the yield as a rule falls off gradually, though, as I have said, there are instances where good yields are given up to the tenth year, but these are rare exceptions.

The plants are bound in small bundles as fast as cut, and at once closely packed in vats of stone made water-tight, weighted down with bamboo covers loaded with stone, and pure soft water let on, enough to submerge the whole stowage. The steeping process lasts from six to twenty-four hours, according to the condition of the plant and its readiness to give up its blue. The average time is probably about fifteen hours. This is determined by the color of the water, which, if all right, will be a bright, beautiful pea green. Then, without disturbing the stowage the water is drawn off into a lower vat called the *golpendoro*, around which men, women, girls, and boys assemble, each armed with a long-handled, wooden spatula, with which falling to upon the green solution, belaboring it with all their might, in a little time they actually beat it *blue*. Then the *flocules*, or coloring principle begins to curdle, and separating from the water gradually subsides, settling over the bottom of the vat in a deposit very like very blue, soft clay. The clear water is then carefully drawn off, and as it possesses, or holds in solution all the fertilizing properties contained in the Indigo plant, it is carefully saved to irrigate and fertilize other crops.

The blue sediment soon granulates after settling to the bottom of the vat, when it is put into wide, loose bags and dried in the sun. Being thoroughly dried, it is carefully assorted and put up in green hide sacks or *cerons* holding about an *arroba* of thirty-two pounds each. The green hides being packed full and securely fastened with stout thongs, their great shrinkage in drying hardens the Indigo bags almost as solid as a block of granite.

The plant after having undergone the steeping process must be burned as soon as it can be made sufficiently dry, otherwise in its rapid decomposition it emits such an offensive, putrid stench, that death by plague might otherwise supervene. Besides, in its decaying state it generates the pestiferous "Indigo fly," inimical alike to man, beast, and vegetation, in such countless millions, that in the aggregate their bulk would almost equal that of the plant pile itself. The average yield will not vary much from five *cerons* to the *manzana*—equivalent to about three hundred feet square; so that as the manufacturing process is inexpensive, and the cost of cultivation no more than that of our root crops, it will be seen that if the plant could be grown in the United States, farmers at present prices could make a paying business of its culture.

Believing that sufficient has been said upon the subject to show the reader that Indigo is not a mineral dug from the bowels of the earth, let us take a glance beyond the blue subject at a few of the domestic arts and manufactures of the Val de Dulce—

First—houses. These, like a very large majority of houses in Spanish America, the Spanish West Indies, Spain itself, Manilla, the Philippines, or wherever there are Spaniards, are of *adobe*. Such is the attachment of the race to this particular material for building purposes, that I believe one of the blood, whose great great grand-parents multiplied by ten back through thirty generations, going to locate in Lapland, his first idea would be an *adobe* domicile. But the *adobe* dwellings of the Dulceans are better, more artistic, neater, and possess a far more homelike appearance than the great mass of mud fortresses that one finds in all countries where Spaniards or their descendants are the dominant race. The Dulceans are more careful in the selection of material, more methodical and painstaking in making up, moulding into bricks, and finally laying it into walls than the Spaniards and Portuguese in general are.

As in all South American countries where the earth has a fashion of going suddenly into fits, shaking things upon its surface about most unreasonably at unreasonable and unlooked-for times, the buildings are generally of but one story, roomy on the ground, with massive outer walls and strong partitions of the same material, binding the whole structure firmly together in a way to defy the fitful *shakes* of the common enemy. While these necessary features have been maintained, however, the good taste and better mechanical skill of the Dulcean builders have so hidden them by substituting the steep, light Gothic roof with projecting ends and eaves, supported by fanciful brackets, wrought of bamboo work, latticed verandas and doors and windows gracefully arched to compare with the roof, shaded by and admitting light through neat, delicate bamboo screens, that the heavy, stolid, always gloomy style of the old Moorish architecture entirely disappears, giving in place of flat tops or heavy tiled roofs, fortress walls, prison-like doors and windows, with cross-bars and ponderous plank shutters, a great gloomy corridor and everlasting twilight in all the interior, a light, pretty Sarlocnic effect without, and within an air of cheerful, cosy comfort that is always wanting in the Moresque *adobe* house.

These people are clever artists in pneumatics and hydraulics too. Irrigation is everywhere resorted to as a fertilising agency, and while the various means of lifting the water from the streams that traverse the valley are exhibitions of great ingenuity, their reservoirs, viaducts, and water courses, branching out from the fountain head, and in their serpentine ramifications diminishing as regularly as the blood channels of the human system as they run more remote from the source of supply, afford evidence of no mean skill in engineering.

The wind-mill is the first and favorite power for water raising, as also for several other useful purposes, and in the construction of these, which are numerous along every stream, of many different patterns and constructed mainly of bamboo, the wind-mill wrights of the Andean valley might probably afford the mill builders of more civilized countries some valuable hints.

The most common method of raising water is by a wheel attachment to the mill, the top of the wheel being something higher than the receiving reservoir, and having fixed to its circumference numerous buckets made of sections of bamboo, oscillating and so arranged as to scoop up the water at the bottom, and tilting, empty themselves on top into the reservoir. Other wheels again are revolved by the current, lift in water in the same manner by having two-thirds of the buckets with their open mouths facing up stream as motors, while the other third, being the lesser power, and reversed, lift up the water. Pumps they have also, in several varieties, simple and compound in action, and many among them very efficient; but the most interesting of their water works is a sort of hydraulic ram, varied something from Mongolfiers, or any of its recent modifications, but having the principle the same we guessed from the monotonous, regular *clunk chuck* continually going on down under ground and distinctly audible a quarter of a mile distant.

All that was visible of these self-acting machines, was first, several—in some instances as many as eight—lines of pipe made of large bamboo and laid close together, sometimes nearly a mile in length receiving the water from the stream at the upper end, and conveying it to a subterranean cistern having a fall of from five to fifteen feet. Then there were two or three lesser pipes coming up out of the ground, and leading off horizontally, or with an easy upward inclination to the receiving reservoir, where they spouted forth the water in jets, precisely as our hydraulic rams do. Of course there must have been an underground air-chamber and valves acting in concert, but they were all covered up, and as there were none of the machines in course of construction, affording an opportunity to investigate, and those who possibly might have explained always making a great mystery of it, the exact principle remained a matter of mere guess work with us.

There was another of their industrial arts, which, though they made no mystery of it, covered up nothing from us, was ten times more a wonder and point of admiration than all their surface and subterranean water-works. The first feature of this art was the beauty and great variety of yarns and threads deftly spun by the nimble fingers of the Dulcean dames and maidens, with no other gear than the tapering wooden peg for a spindle, and a bobbin to wind the spun fabric on. From the finely divided fibre of an indigenous plant, a very little resembling flax, they spun thread as fine, even, glossy, and stronger than any silk I have ever seen. Beautiful yarns and thread were also spun from the long, soft staple of the perennial cotton, while from the flossy wool of the llama kid, and the long, silky hair of the vicuna, were spun and woven fabrics that would compare in texture and beauty of surface with anything that ever came from a European or North American power loom. We saw veils woven of vicuna fur and lawns from the fibre of the *Isalapa* plant and perennial cotton, that her Majesty of France might be proud to wear.

The great, and to them insurmountable obstacle in the way of making the manufacture of these beautiful woven fabrics an extensive and largely remunerative enterprise, is the snail-like tediousness of the process. With a loom constructed of pegs driven into the ground to stretch the web upon, every thread of which must be tediously picked up one at a time as often as the bobbin is passed, and the woof, thread by thread, beaten up with a whack of a flat stick, the utmost that two expert weavers can achieve of the coarse fabrics per day is about one and a-half yards, while of the finest material, a quarter of a yard is the outside possibility.

What a magical and mighty revolution in many more features than cloth-making would the introduction into all these regions of Mendenhall's Self-acting Hand Loom achieve. Take for instance the Bolivian territory east of the Andes, a vast undulating plain, capable of supporting a population of fifteen millions of people, abounding to excess in all natural resources of wealth, having a climate unrivalled in the world for salubrity, unequalled as a grazing region, blessed with perpetual spring and summer, having innumerable water-powers by which carding, spinning, and cloth-dressing machinery acting as hand maidens to the magic hand loom might be cheaply driven—with the Beni and great Madiera rivers navigable to light draught steamers into the very heart of the territory, affording an unobstructed liquid highway to the mighty Amazon, and by it to the sea and the markets of the wide world—with such advantages, Bolivia requires but the progressive energy of a better policy infused into her councils of state, and with rapid strides she would emerge from the low depths of dependence, throw off her servile vassalage to a sister republic, redeem her mortgaged mines, and assume the position that by geographical locality and many internal resources of national wealth she is eminently qualified to maintain—that of Keystone State and Queen Regent of all the South American republics.

Losing the Happy of a Heart.

A mother who was leaving her home on a visit, told her little boy and girl not to go through a gate at the bottom of their garden, which opened into the wood. The children were very happy for a long time after their mother had gone, but at last, in their play, having reached the gate through which they were not to pass, the little boy began to feel an earnest desire to go into the wood. He persuaded his sister to follow him. Nothing appeared to disturb them, and after rambling and playing about, they returned, having concluded not to tell their mother where they had been, unless she asked them; she had not expected them to disobey, and never thought of inquiring. Notwithstanding this, the little boy did not feel comfortable. He knew he had done wrong, and he could not help feeling unhappy.

When Sunday night came, and the little boy had been washed for bed, he and his mother commenced to have a nice talk, as they usually had at that time. James could not keep his sad secret any longer from his kind mother, so he told her what he and his sister had done; and then in some sort to show that her command was needless, he said that nothing had happened to them. The mother let him know that something did befall them, and that they had lost something, and urged her little boy to think what it could be. Perhaps she meant they had lost the habit of obedience, and would be easily led to do wrong again; or perhaps she meant they had lost her confidence.

The little boy could not think for a long time of anything he had lost. He knew that he had left his ball safe, that his knife was in his pocket, and that his slate-pencil was at hand when he wished to use it. But as he continued to think, he remembered how uneasy and uncomfortable he had been all the week, and at last, in a low, sorrowful voice, he said, "Mother, I did lose something in the wood, I did; *I lost the happy out of my heart.*"

Nest of the Humming-Bird.

The nest of the humming-bird is a miracle of perfection in domestic economy. For beauty, fitness and safety, the wisdom and taste displayed in its arrangement are irreproachable. Bedecked in a plumage of emerald, ruby and topaz, remarkable for the delicacy of its form and grace of its motion, unsullied by rain from the clouds, or dust from the earth, feeding upon the nectar of the flowers, its habitation should be in character and so it is. Shaped like a half cup, it is delicately formed of lichens colored like the branch on which it is fixed, and lined with the soft down of plant blossoms, of mullein leaves, or the young fern. It is delicately soft, sheltered, and undistinguishable from the bark of the tree, of which it seems a most natural excrescence—a moss-grown knot. Two white eggs, as large as peas, adorn the nest, upon which, as asserted by some naturalists, the cock and hen sit by turns, for ten or twelve days.

The little birds scarcely larger than flies, enter upon their existence in a chamber tapestried as with velvet, and are fed with the sweets of flowers from the maternal tongue. The tiny household exhibits not only a commendable neatness, but exquisite taste and delicacy in all its arrangements. Can gentle humanity derive no lesson from such an example?—*J. Dodge, Ohio Reports*, 1864.

☞ Old Dr. A——— was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion, the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came Dr. A———'s turn to speak—"*Convalescent!*" said he; "why, that's nothing serious; I have cured *convalescence* in twenty-four hours!"

RESULT OF FILTRATION.—Dr. Franklin gives a remarkable instance of filtration through animal charcoal of the East London Company's water, supplied to the tenants of Miss Coutts, in Columbia Square, seven hundred in number. The organic matter was reduced to the minutest quantity, the hardness from twenty to seven degrees.

THE maid I love has violet eyes
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

☞ We overheard a conductor kindly say to an aged lady, "Don't hurry, madam; we've all got to be old sometime, if we live." That man must have had a grandmother whom he loved.

☞ "Punch" has discovered perpetual motion. He says it is "The winding up of corporations."

THE PRESS CLUB.

This excellent Institution celebrated its third Anniversary with a "Banquet," on the 22d ult. There was a large attendance, including a number of invited guests. Speeches were made in response to suitable toasts by Morton McMichael, Mayor of the city and publisher of the North American, and Messrs. Forney, Kelley, Dougherty, Souder, Green, &c.

Mr. Emerson Bennett, in response to the toast, "The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism," spoke as follows:

"The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism." The words are few and simple, but what a power there is in them to lift our thoughts from the glowing present and bear them far back into the silent and eventful past. At once, as by the wand of some mighty enchanter, our great proud city, with its almost million of human beings, its shops of industry, its marts of trade, its mansions of luxury, its walks of fashion, its hotels of grandeur, its temples of art, its halls of learning, its fanes of worship, its palatial structures reared for the prosecution of that art preservative of all arts, this mighty city, I say, is made to vanish away

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,"

and lo! we find ourselves standing, as spectators of the olden time, before a little quiet, rustic village, which, with careless ease and independence, has nestled itself among the hills and creeks that overlook the placid Delaware.

In that little, quiet village, with its sober and quaintly-dressed inhabitants—our Philadelphia of the olden time—one hundred and forty-seven years ago to-day—this day we celebrate—more than half a century before the thunders of the Revolution that made us a nation of freemen—Andrew Bradford sent forth, with fear and trembling, to eager, curious eyes, the first printed journal ever issued within the limits of Pennsylvania, and the third within these then British Colonies. It was a small, yellow, dingy, half-sheet of foolscap size, and seemed to have a shrinking, frightened look, as if not well over the scare of coming through the rough hands of the printer's devil. It was not a loquacious sheet. It had little to communicate beyond the fact of its own birth and existence, and appeared to be quite as much astonished as any of the inhabitants at finding itself thrust forward as a newspaper pioneer. It was a seven, if not a nine days' wonder, and constituted its projector the great father, if not the grandfather, of Pennsylvania journalism.

In the pride of his heart, Andrew Bradford gave his dingy little bantling the high-sounding title of *The American Weekly Mercury;* but it no more resembled its namesake, the brilliant and winged messenger of the gods, than the empty pockets of Lazarus did the gold heaps of Crœsus; and yet, mean and insignificant as it appeared, it was the beginning of a great result—the beginning of a power which has made itself felt to the uttermost ends of the earth; a power which has made the thrones of tyrants tremble; a power before which that of the fabled god was as a breath to a whirlwind. It was the first glimmering spark of a glorious constellation!

Ah! what a thing is futurity! Could we look forward into the future, as back into the past, what strange emotions would sometimes be awakened. Could Andrew Bradford, then and there, have cast his vision forward, down the stream of time, for a century and a half, and seen the palatial structures we have reared, on the self-same soil, for the prosecution of his craft—with their beautiful, complicated and ponderous machinery—turned by the strong, untiring arm of steam—roaring, rumbling, clattering, and flinging off thousands, and tens of thousands, and millions of printed journals for an eagerly anxious and expectant people—he would have blushed for his puny press, wretched types and miserable sheet; and yet his heart would have swelled with pride at the thought that he had been the first in the field, that he was the father and founder of Pennsylvania Journalism, and by this act had made his name immortal!

For years Andrew Bradford stood alone as the only journalist within the limits of Pennsylvania, and then he one day found himself confronted with a formidable rival in that wonderful man whose fame is as broad as civilization and enduring as time; that great practical genius who first shook hands with the lightnings of Heaven and defied the thunders of Jove; that beloved patriot and statesman whom we all delight to honor—Benjamin Franklin.

The progress of early journalism was so slow in Pennsylvania that for many years Bradford and Franklin stood alone as rivals, and even at the end of half a century only three or four papers had an existence, the combined weekly issues and contents of which probably did not exceed that of a single daily of modern times.

A history of these journals and those which followed them, would doubtless be interesting to many; but, Mr. President, such is not my purpose here to-night; this is not the time and place for such remarks. I rose merely to respond to the toast given, to say a few words as a reminiscence of the olden time, to recall the beginning of a great result; and it now only remains for me to add the names of Bradford, Franklin, Sellers, Bower, Miller, Dunlap, Claypole and Poulson, and say of them that, as the fathers of Pennsylvania journalism who have done their work and passed away from the scenes of earth, we still hold them in honored remembrance, and pray God to keep their memories green! In the beautiful and touching language of our great poet, Whittier:

"We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor."

FALSE CALVES.—The "gay deceiver" who runs the local department of the New Albany (Ind.) Ledger, tells of a new invention of which he has a patent, gotten up for the purpose of determining whether or no a lady wore patent calves. It was a cane with a fine needle in the end of it. As a lady passes, with her beautiful turned pedal extremities exposed to view by the "tilter," the calves are slightly punctured with the cane. If the lady kicks, the calves are genuine, if she does not they are "false."

☞ The full dress of a native lady of Colombo is a hair-pin and a garter.

☞ A constable in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice, with the following clause: "I will expose for sail the 5da 1866 av Jan won lytle rone horse, *or so much thereof* as ma be necesry to satisfi sed gugment."

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1867.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY,	—	—	1	2	3	4	5
1st Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
FEBRUARY,	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
2d Month.	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28		
MARCH,	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
3d Month.	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
APRIL,		1	2	3	4	5	6
4th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
MAY,				1	2	3	4
5th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
JUNE,	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
6th Month.	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
JULY,		1	2	3	4	5	6
7th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
AUGUST,	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
8th Month.	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
SEPTEMBER,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
9th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
OCTOBER,			1	2	3	4	5
10th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
NOVEMBER,	3	4	5	6	7	1	2
11th Month.	10	11	12	13	14	8	9
	17	18	19	20	21	15	16
	24	25	26	27	28	22	23
						29	30
DECEMBER,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
12th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ The other evening a young couple went to St. Paul's Church, in Detroit, to get married, attended by groomsman and bridesmaid. They all stood up before the altar, and the officiating clergyman, supposing that both couples were to be married, requested the gentlemen to join hands with their respective ladies, which was done, and in a very short space of time the four were made two. The situation being fully realized by the latter couple, they could not very well help, and all adjourned to their boarding house quite well pleased with the result of the preacher's mistake.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of January, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR, SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth		$2.50
" 2.	For 5	"	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth		7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth		7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth		7.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth		10.00
				or a Silver Plated Castor, worth		10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth		12.00
				or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth		12.00
" 4.	For 12	"	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth		14.00
" 5.	For 16	"	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth		20.00
" 6.	For 20	"	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth		25.00
" 7.	For 24	"	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth		20.00
" 8.	For 30	"	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth		25.00
" 9.	For 30	"	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth		75.00
" 10.	For 40	"	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth		60.00
" 11.	For 50	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth		75.00
" 12.	For 50	"	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth		80.00
" 13.	For 50	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth		70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth		110.00
" 15.	For 75	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth		110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (6 octaves), worth		288.00
" 17.	For 40	"	"	one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c.,		55.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE POST exclusively, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 16 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We order the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

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EVENTFUL PERIODS OF LIFE.—There are epochs in most men's lives of peculiar action and peculiar repose; important events come in crowds at one time, and at others we forget that existence is anything but a monotonous return of day and night. Whoever has cast an observative retrospection over his past life will be struck with this remark, and perhaps he will be astonished to find that the whole history of his life is confined to recollections accumulated over a small number of days.

☞ SPONGE.—The British Museum has lately received a series of specimens of the beautiful sponge called Venus' flower-basket (*Euplectella speciosum*) It is more like the work of some lace-maker than a congeries or republic of minute, jelly-like animals; and the thread of which it is woven is so hard that it will scratch glass.

NEEDLEWORK.—Poor George sat busy with that eternal needlework, but for which melancholy madness would surely overtake many desolate matrons in houses whose commonplace comfort and respectable dullness are more dismal than the picturesque dreariness of a moated grange amid the Lincolnshire fens. To the masculine mind this needlework seems nothing more than a purposeless stabbing and sewing of strips of calico; but to lonely womanhood it is the prison-flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latitude.—"*Birds of Prey*" *in Belgravia.*

☞ Our good minister has a new-born baby, and all the "women folks" want it to be named "Eliza." To this he objects, because there will always be conundrums made about it—thus: "Why is Mr. M. like Satan? Because he is the father of Liza!"

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

FOR 1867.

New Year's Day!
Shouldn't you think old Earth would be gray,
Getting along so far in years?
The children's hearts are glad and gay,
So many pleasures fall in their way,
And their tears are such transient tears.
They are only from one year old to eleven,
Not eighteen hundred and sixty-seven,
And that is a difference, indeed.

New Year's Day!
A year is a long time to the young,
Romance unwritten, poem unsung—
What may not chance in a year, they say,
With its sweet, vague hopes, its dreams of love,
And unfeared dangers their truth to prove?
A year is a strange and charming thing,
What of delight may a year not bring?
Each day is a page of life to read.

New Year's Day!
Hearts that are older grow grave and say,
"So much nearer the end, the end!"
Something has vanished with every year.
Is it lost? Is it saved? O, sad and dear
Is the ripe harvest o'er which we bend.
Gone the soft tints of its early growing,
But left the fruit of the seed of our sowing—
Are we content? or do we regret?

New Year's Day!
Old Time has travelled a long, long way,
Since the first dawn in the past obscure,
And if sixty years can make man gray
And so sadly wise, while they take away
Childhood's dreams that seemed so sure,
What must eighteen sixty-seven do
With four thousand four years added thereto,
Which history gives where the eras met?

New Year's Day!
Five thousand eight hundred seventy-one
Such days as this have dawned and gone,
While old Earth has rolled round on her way,
Since Eden lay untouched of sin,
And pure and blest man walked therein;
But think of the vague, dim centuries more,
Unknown ages that passed before,
With the slow, grand growth of land and sea.

New Year's Day!
What must it have been when Earth still lay
In dark, cold chaos? or when light
First gladdened her at God's command,
When great sea-monsters thronged the strand,
And mammoth creatures strode in sight
Of giant mountains, and forests grew,
Grew, died in silence, and none knew
Save God, who decreed in mystery?

New Year's Day!
When first it came, was young Earth elated?
Exultant in motion, newly created,
Rejoicing to take her circling way
Among the stars, with her moon devoted,
Her pale, fair moon which so calmly floated
Alike through clouds and through clear blue sky;
But now that long ages have passed by,
It's an old, old story to all of these.

New Year's Day!
I dream that I hear our good Earth say,
With smile and sigh, (if such dreams may be!)
Turning once more to greet the sun—
"One by one, ever one by one,
The days come forth from God's hand to me,
And I journey on, I keep my place,
My selfsame orbit through boundless space,
Which I have travelled for centuries.

"New Year's Day
Findeth me here as ever before;
I've passed the Zodiac signs once more,
And swept along by the Milky Way,
Greeted Orion, warrior old,
Who braves for aye horned Taurus bold,
With Canis Major at his feet,
And following him his charger fleet,
Where the glad Twins hold jubilees.

"New Year's Day!
O, why start I anew on my way?
Why not pause and let things remain?
Is it good that Time brings thus change on change
To mankind, my children, who with me range
My circuit, year and year again?
They labor to build what Time crumbles down,
They strive for Fame with a fading crown—
O, why not pause and let things remain?

"New Year's Day!
In this land I love no battle rages,
They wound me no more with cruel graves,
But my sons are sad, my daughters pray—
So much to think, so much to do,
Which only God can guide safely through,
And His way is often a long, strange way.
Let me pause, let me rest, one peaceful day—
Ages long—ere I start again.

"New Year's Day!
What has been done in the year now gone?
My flowers bloomed duly, my trees grew on,
My metals in veins for the miners lay,
I gave rich harvests, I drew down rain,
I guarded my shores from the hostile main,
And I took good care the sun should shine
To highest and lowest parallel line—
I was true to man, I did my part.

"New Year's Day!
Of the twelvemonth past what can man say?
One of my sons has achieved success,
With lightning wire he has threaded the seas,
And now the nations may talk when they please,
And the thought is almost like a nation's caress,
Friendly words, hour by hour, like brothers at home.
All honor to Field who has overcome,
The glory belongs to that one brave heart.

"New Year's Day!
It smiles not now as it smiled last year,
On that fair city to Maine hearts dear,
Portland lies low, and grief holds sway;
But a Phœnix will rise from the ashes gray,
And a fairer growth bless another year.
O, Fire! the dread terror that pitiless rides,
It laid its fell hand on our 'Ironsides,'
That valiant vessel which all so prized.

"New Year's Day!
It finds some great souls passed away,
Some dreams lost, and some still unwon—
The Fenian vision—gold to put down—
Maximilian who plays for a crown—
And Emma to her island gone—
Life wearies Napoleon, pausing for strength,
While Bismarck waits what must come at length,
And the strong hand's might is realized.

"New Year's Day!
Poets have written, singers have sung,
Books have come fluttering fast among
The eager hands, and from far away
A woman with power and voice to thrill
Has come to these shores, and hearts stand still
To hear Ristori. From Germany
Sweet fairy tales are sent over the sea—
And Art and Science invent delight.

"New Year's Day
Finds all these things—will they pass away
Ere another year, or greater grow?
Oh! I, the Earth, have a heavy care—
Millions of men in my arms to bear,
With their battles, kingdoms, hopes, joys, woe!
While I keep my circuit ever the same
And smother within my seas of flame
From breaking forth with destroying might.

"New Year's Day!
I would like to stop, I am so old,
Let Time stand still, and no more behold
The changing seasons take their way.
But I must keep on through boundless space,
With Mars and Venus run my race,
And perchance in thirty-three years or more
I may show my children the starry shower
Which half of them missed the other night!

"New Year's Day
Summons me on. There are hearts that may
Achieve, which hitherto have failed—
Some wrongs be righted, some dreams made true—
Some hero-souls be given anew—
Some ships come home that too long have sailed.
And my violets long for the coming Spring,
Sweet flowers await their blossoming—
I must go on, go on, go on!"

New Year's Day
Quietly hears what Earth has to say,
Though man hears not, and I only dream.
And now farewell, may the New Year bring
All wished-for joys, and no sorrowing,
And grand success to each noble scheme.
A Happy New Year to the countless host
Who love our SATURDAY EVENING POST—
Farewell, and God bless you every one!

MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

BY ISA BLAGDEN.

PART I.

Sitting quietly in my solitary home, I often amuse myself, like other lonely spinsters, with recollections of my long past youth. Not personal recollections. No: from the beginning to the end, my life has been a gray and uniform one. But in my girlhood I was associated with many blooming and brilliant creatures, and from a peculiar adhesiveness in my nature which has never permitted me to lose sight of them, I have kept in view—myself unseen—the favorites of those thoughtless days.

Of myself I will not speak. What could I say that would not be more tedious than a thrice-told tale. Suffice it to say, that I was one of a set of school-girls brought together from many foreign countries, whose faces were as various as the countries from which they came, but who were merrier, more individual in character, and more ignorantly innocent, than now-a-days I think school-girls ever are.

The words, woman's mission and woman's pursuits, were then as unknown as in the days of Lady Jane Grey; but somehow, as with her, great mental and artistic endowments were developed among some of us, in spite of what would be now termed imperfect educational advantages. Lina Rosas was the first of my companions who left school, and I will therefore speak first of her.

Who speaks of a heroine without describing her? Lina was one of the tiniest of human beings; she was more like a bright-eyed mouse than anything else; and, strange to say, on her brown temple, partially concealed by her black hair, was a scar, which school tradition attributed to the cutting out of a small downy elevation, in shape and color like a mouse. The cruel knife might have eradicated the singular mark, but it could not alter the resemblance to a mouse which pervaded the whole of Lina's person. Her large, black eyes were bright, vigilant, timid, like those of a mouse; she had the same softness and roundness of figure, and the same half coquettish, half nervous swiftness of motion. Lina was not clever. I think, in fact, she was rather s-t-u-p-i-d, as an overbearing governess once called her, hissing out the letters as she did so; but she was so dainty in her method of doing things, so fanciful in her tastes, and so docile to all who chose to rule her, that she was much beloved, and considered by most of us as the nearest approach to perfection the walls of a school-room had ever held.

Her one gift was her beautiful melodious voice. She sang magnificently; then all the mouse vanished, and she would electrify us sometimes as she sang, "Lascia ch'io pianga," or "Robert, toi que j'aime." This gift was inconsistent with everything else in her. It turned our heads, but did not affect her. The Muse who poured out those bewitching strains disappeared as soon as the piano was closed, and the little mouse came amongst us again, "grignotant" bonbons or nuts, or other forbidden delicacies, like the mere school-girl she was. Another of her faults, besides that of "gourmandise," which I have just suggested, was an extreme love of dress. She was fabulously neat in her own little person, in the arrangement of the soft, black hair, which was smoothed down in two pencilled arches on her broad projecting forehead, and in the choice of her gloves and shoes. And the bright, black eyes would detect in a moment either a solecism or a success in the toilette of another.

Lina was an only daughter—her father was an Austrian merchant. She inherited her dark hair and eyes from him, but her small person and delicate features were like her mother's—Mrs. Rosas was an Englishwoman. Her father dotéd on her as a charming plaything, her mother worshipped her as an idol.

"Are you glad you are going home for good, Lina?" said some of us the day before the vacation began.

"Very glad to go home, but very sorry to leave you all," she nestled closer to me as she spoke. I was her favorite, though she was so little demonstrative, that it was only by a little pressure of the hand occasionally, a look now and then, and a few words once or twice spoken of me to others, that the fact became known to me.

"How happy Lina is," said one girl, with an envious accent in her voice.

"She has no brother," said a poor brother-ridden victim.

"She is an only child."

"She is so pretty."

"She is so rich."

"And she is so beloved, she is everybody's favorite."

"How I envy you, Lina; and you will be sure to marry."

"Some beautiful young man, who will turn out some great person, and her life will be like a story-book,—a country-house, and diamonds, and Sunday-schools and poor people, and a court-dress and beautiful children."

So spake all the school-girls, each according to her nature.

"I intend to come and see you all as often as Madame will allow me, and tell you how happy I am."

Madame was our schoolmistress.

We all gave her presents when she left. Mine was not a very pretty one, but I was too poor to afford much. It was a gray lava brooch, with a head cut in it representing that most mournful image of resignation, miscalled Hope, by Guido. Lina kept her word, and came to see us very often. She was especially kind and good-natured to me, and would often come during the dreary holidays, which I always spent at school, to cheer me up as she called it, and sometimes would ask me to accompany her home.

Her home was in an unfashionable part of London, but it was a most comfortable and luxurious one. Her father spared no expense in adorning the casket which held his treasure, and the mother's refined elegance subdued the crudeness and barbaric splendor of his taste, and made the house complete and charming like an ideal home. But one peculiarity there was in it, which whenever I have since noticed it, has made me doubt the happiness of the home in which I have admired it, a most unusual amount of needlework. Mrs. Rosas and Lina were in keeping with it, but not its master. Mr. Rosas was a coarse, heavy-looking, handsome man. He could have crushed his daughter between his finger and thumb, and his very caresses were rough and perilous to Lina. He used to lift her up to kiss her, and put her down with a jerk which would ruffle all her prettinesses of dress and ribbons, and make her look more nearly cross than I had ever seen her. Then he would bring home to dinner rough well-to-do men, like himself, who would eat, and drink, and smoke, and pay heavy German compliments to Lina, and ask her to sing to them, and then would snore in the middle of her choicest songs.

But for these trifling checks I could see that Lina was perfectly happy.

When I spent a few days with her I shared her bed-room; it was a charming room, all rose-colored chintz and snowy draperies. I can see Lina now, as she stood sometimes after she had taken off her evening dress (which was always most carefully smoothed out and folded before she put it by), running over some song which we had just heard at the Opera, with a truth and a power which would very much have surprised the prima donna she was imitating; or poised on one leg, with outstretched hands she would spring, and dance, and whirl like a ballerina; or, curved backwards, flit about like Carito in the shadow dance—as fair a creature as her prototype—and look like an Undine made of foam, or dew, or fire. Oh, what happy nights they were! But these little exhibitions were for me alone, unless Mrs. Rosas would enter, as she did sometimes, and unheard and unseen become a witness of them too; but she soon put an end to them, and would see us both safely into bed and the light put out, before she left the room.

But, plastic as she was to all outward impressions, Lina was singularly reserved in the expression of her own feelings. I, of course, in my own heart, had made her the heroine of unnumbered love-stories, and with the passionate admiration of girlish friendship, felt sure that every man who saw her must be consumed by his adoration for her; but she had never made me a single confidence. I saw that she was much sought after, but she as yet distinguished no one. She and her mother were so happy in each other's love, so wrapped up in each other, that neither of them at this time had a thought beyond these household delights; and Lina enjoyed to the utmost her balls, plays, and operas, and certainly then sought for nothing beyond the orbit of her thoughtless pleasant life, with its innocent galeties and abundant diversions.

Sometimes she would say to me, "How I wish, Susan," that was my unromantic name, "that I could do something to show mamma how I love her. She gives me so much, and I can do nothing for her. I feel as if, after all, I was but a selfish creature."

Once, as she spoke thus, Mrs. Rosas heard her, and so did her father. The former looked up with her tender smile at her daughter, and answered her,

"When we are old, dear, then it will be your turn to take care of us; but now you must let us take care of you."

"Unless she is married to some Don Whiskerandos, who will spirit her off to America, or India, or Egypt."

"Oh, papa, I will never leave mamma."

"Tut, tut, all girls say so, and it is very pretty to hear it; but it is not true, and would be very unnatural if it were true. No, Linchen mine, you will be married, I hope, long before I have made up my mind to be old and taken care of; and you will leave us, just as all daughters leave their parents."

Whenever Mr. Rosas spoke on any subject which was near his heart, his usually commonplace voice took a foreign tone, which was a very peculiar and not an agreeable one. He spoke like a Jew, with a thick nasal utterance, which gave a most repulsive expression to what he said—something cynically mocking, and yet deceitful.

Mrs. Rosas fixed her eyes upon him, and turned pale. Lina paused one moment, but then went on in her careless laughing way.

"I did not say I would never marry, but I could not go far away. I shall marry some one who would live in London, or England at least."

Mr. Rosas frowned. "Tell us something more about your intended, Lina. Of course he is to be very handsome, very clever, a great singer, very young, not rich—that with young ladies is of no consequence—but noble and high-born!"

It seemed, as Mr. Rosas thus ran through the qualities which were necessary for Lina's choice, that he was evoking some one in his mind who possessed none of them, but whom he had, nevertheless, selected as his son-in-law. He always appeared to me like a cat playing with a mouse, when he jested on certain subjects with Lina. He seemed to be playing, and joking,

and touching her with velvety softness; but there was always some sudden suggestion of the claw beneath; and though no apparent bonds limited her freedom, it was evident that the least advance beyond a certain point would be peremptorily checked.

"No," said Lina, musing, "I do not care so much about those things. I should choose some one to whom I could be a great comfort, or who suffered from some unhappiness, which I could lighten by sharing it with him."

"So be it," said Mr. Rosas, making a grimace; "only do not ask me to sanction your throwing yourself away. I swear to you, Lina," and he clenched his hand and struck the table with it with an energy which startled us all, "that no consent of mine will be given to any romantic sacrifice of that kind. You had better dispense with my permission if these are your intentions; for as surely as my name is Rosas I would refuse it, and curse you if you disobeyed me."

Nothing more was said at the time. I soon afterwards returned to school, loaded with presents from Lina and her mother, and with a pressing invitation to spend the summer holidays with them.

Lina wrote to me often. Just before Easter she was going into the country to spend a month with a young married relative, a Mrs. Balfour, who had a pleasant country-house in one of the midland counties. She was to take her maid, a middle-aged woman, who had been with her from her birth and who always accompanied her on such occasions. Mrs. Rosas could never leave London on *her* husband's account; but when Summers was with Lina, Mrs. Rosas felt that she was as well cared for as by herself.

Lina wrote to me from Oakthorpe, and her first letters were cheery brief notelets, such as she habitually wrote. She had a most telegramic style. Her letters were a pithy summary of facts, without comment, and almost without personality. No human being was ever more reticent than Lina about her own impressions. She was timidly reserved to every one but to her mother and to me, and even we rather guessed at her feelings on different subjects than knew them positively from her own avowal. She was thoroughly truthful, but not *frank*. I prefer that kind of character myself. Very frank persons have often deceived me. They so volubly utter their most evanescent impressions, that one is at a loss to discover which is to be relied upon as the abiding one. After a few weeks Lina's letters were briefer and more abrupt, as if written in haste, and then I did not hear from her again during her visit.

Soon after her return from Oakthorpe she came to see me. I was called down to the sitting-room to see her. After a warm embrace I looked at her. I never had seen her look so pretty or so excited.

"What is the matter, Lina?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Are you well?"

"Don't I look so?"

"Yes, and yet—"

"You dear old thing; full of fancies, as usual. But never mind my looks. Do you think Madame would let you come home with me to-day? Mamma is not well, and—and we want you."

Permission was obtained, and I accompanied her. When I saw Mrs. Rosas I was quite alarmed, though she assured me she was not really ill, only a little weak and nervous.

I do not know whether I was most shocked at the change in her appearance or at her evident strong wish to hide it from her daughter and from me. She was flushed with fever, and her eyes had a dry haggard look, which told of mental anxiety as well as physical suffering. Every sound startled her, and her hands shook so that she could scarcely hold the book which she was pretending to read as we sat working by her side.

She told me that during Lina's absence she had had a bad attack of influenza, and had been so weakened by it that she had sent for Lina, as she really did not know what might have happened had it lasted much longer; but she was now all but entirely recovered. I have rarely seen more tender and loving eyes than those of Mrs. Rosas, and when she looked at Lina there was a sweetness in them which was quite pathetic.

Mr. Rosas came home as usual for dinner. It was strange, but it was no less indubitably true, that during the three months which had passed since I had been at their house, each of the members of the family were altered. Lina's thoughts were far away, and she looked prettier but less calmly happy than I had ever seen her. Her mother was a wreck. Mr. Rosas was louder, coarser, redder than ever, and far less good-tempered. He seemed impatient with his wife, and looked sternly at Lina.

He had brought a gentleman home with him, and I saw at once that he was brought in the capacity of suitor and intended son-in-law. Lina was totally unconscious, but I saw that Mrs. Rosas was aware of it. I thought I had never seen any one look so pale as she did when she joined us at dinner, but she united with her husband in giving the stranger every encouragement and opportunity to make himself pleasing to Lina. He was a very disagreeable-looking though handsome man. He was a Prussian. He was superior in rank and position, but inferior in knowledge of the world to Mr. Rosas. Where Mr. Rosas was cynical and severe, Mr. Norbrecht was brutal and insulting. He was either so awkward or so shy that at first he could not open his lips, but after a time he became so familiar and overbearing that he was unendurable.

The four letters which spell "lout" were the best designation for him; but he was not an amiable lout. As to Lina, she was so wrapped up in some secret thought, some golden reverie, that I think nothing would have disturbed or offended her. She was more affectionate than ever to her mother, though she was evidently unaware how ill the latter was; and, to do her justice, never did a poor woman make such an effort to conceal her failing health from all around her as did Mrs. Rosas. Lina coaxed and caressed her father, and smiled with adorable unconsciousness on Norbrecht. It seemed as if sunshine and roses were her daily portion, and that storms and blight could not touch her. To me she was kindness itself, but she was changed. I saw at once that she had left the little world of books and girlish play, in which she had so lately dwelt, for an existence in which I had no part.

One day after dinner (Mr. Norbrecht had dined there as usual) I found I had dropped a hair bracelet which I always wore. I sent down the servant to look for it, and ran down myself as far as the landing-place, on which the dining-room door opened. The servant went in, and as he left the door ajar, I could hear the loud voices within. They were talking German. I heard Norbrecht in a most insolent tone insisting on something which Mr. Rosas opposed.

"No, no, man; the time is not come yet. I do not shirk my bond, but I will not anticipate it."

"But I do not advance one whit. She is like a mermaid. One thinks one is grasping a woman, and she slides off like a fish. I sometimes think you are all in league against me."

"Walter Norbrecht," replied Mr. Rosas, with a terrible oath; "e ough of this. On the first of January next, Lina Rosas shall be your wife, or I—"

"I was a fool to give you such a margin."

"That's your affair; but what do you call a margin? Our compact was made on the third of February—you have not given me one whole year to repay you."

The door was shut, and I heard no more.

"I am afraid it is broken, miss; it was under master's foot." I took my poor bracelet. It was crushed and broken; ground down beneath those heavy feet. It could never be worn again. It was made of Lina's hair, and I cried over it as if my heart would break. It seemed like an omen.

I went into my own room, for I was in a perfect paroxysm of fear and agitation. Should I tell Lina? No, I saw at once that was impossible. I was too great coward to do so. I could as soon have stabbed her with my own hands. Mrs. Rosas? Was it not more than probable that she was already aware of it, and that the fear of such an impending sorrow was the cause of her illness and changed looks? I was bewildered, and when Lina came up to look for me, it was no excuse to say that my head ached, so that I could not go downstairs again.

The next morning when I went down it was late, and Mr. Rosas had gone to the city. Lina's face was radiant over a letter she had just received. It was another invitation to Oakthorpe.

"Do let me go, mamma—if you are well enough to spare me."

"But you only returned a fortnight ago, Lina. Your papa—"

"Yes, mamma; but you know I came back before my visit was over, because you sent for me; they have put off a great many galeties till I could go back. Do let me go."

Mrs. Rosas looked at Lina, and then at me. There was a helpless kind of look in her eyes, which almost upset me.

"Do let me go, dearest mamma."

"Yes; but how can I ask your papa? We can ill spare you, Lina."

"Then, mamma, I will not go." She spoke eagerly, but her face changed as she spoke.

"No, my child, you shall go. You shall enjoy yourself while you can," she added softly.

"I wish," said Lina, looking wistfully at me, "I could take you with me, Susan, to Oakthorpe."

"Oh, Lina!" I said, and burst into tears. I could not bear to see her so full of other hopes when in a few months such a fearful fate awaited her. I was too inexperienced to dream of the possibility of an escape for her, and I still heard her father's harsh voice swearing that on the first of January she should be Walter Norbrecht's wife.

Lina comforted me, and said I was very foolish to cry because she was going away; she would often write to me, and I must come to them at midsummer.

"Let me speak to your papa about Oakthorpe," said Mrs. Rosas; "do not you ask his permission. I will do so!"

She did so. Mr. Rosas was very angry at first, but after a long, private interview with his wife, from which she came out as white as a sheet, he consented, and it was decided as Lina wished.

As soon as it was settled, she ran singing out of the room to look at what dresses she should take with her.

Mrs. Rosas looked after her, and then turned to me.

"Do not think her selfish, Susan; her head is a little turned by Oakthorpe, but she does not love us the less, dear. My poor child! these are her happy days."

"Mamma," said Lina, running on, "where are the pearls you always lend me to wear with my white silk? I told Summers you would be sure to let me take them, but she cannot find them. Don't you keep them any longer in your wardrobe?"

"No; never mind; you will look just as well without them, Lina."

"But where are they?"

Mrs. Rosas changed from white to red, and from red to white, but was silent.

"How strange," muttered Lina; "I saw them there yesterday. She left the room. I do not know why, but I connected the disappearance of those pearls with the permission granted to Lina to go to Oakthorpe. I felt I turned scarlet as the idea entered my mind; and, to add to my confusion, when I looked up I saw Mrs. Rosas was observing me keenly. She came up to me and took my hand.

"Will you promise me, Susan, that if anything happens to me, or to her father, or if she were married and not happy in her marriage, you will take care of her,—will you not?" It was a strange promise to exact from one so young as I was, but Mrs. Rosas knew that next to herself no one loved Lina so much as I did. Alas! how vain was all our love to shield her.

I returned to school. Midsummer came and went, but I never saw either Mrs. Rosas or Lina. Lina had returned from Oakthorpe. So far I knew. She had been ill, was ordered to the seaside, and so ended my midsummer dream. She wrote seldom. Her letters, always brief, were briefer than ever. At last they ceased altogether. My heart began to fail. Had Lina become alienated from her school-friend? About the beginning of November, to my great surprise, I received a scrawled note from Mrs. Rosas herself, begging me to go to her.

I obtained permission, and went.

At the door I was told to go up-stairs to her bed-room. She was ill in bed.

I had asked for Lina as I entered the hall, but had received no answer from the scared servant. When I entered her room, Mrs. Rosas almost sprang from the bed.

"Has she written to you, Susan?"

"Who?"

"Lina!"

"Lina! Where is she?"

"Oh, my God! my heart will break! Lost—lost!"

"Do tell me," I entreated, in agitation almost equal to her own.

"I will tell you," she said, at last, as soon as her sobs allowed her to speak.

"Lina returned from Oakthorpe much as usual, except that she seemed a little serious and dull, but this I attributed to the re-action after all the excitement and gayety of Oakthorpe, and took no notice of it. What struck me, however, as most singular was, that she would not go to see you. When I proposed it, she said she would not disturb you. About a fortnight afterwards she had what the doctors called a nervous fever. She was very ill, and nothing seemed to do her good. Again I offered to send for you. 'No,' she said; 'it was too bad always to send for you when we were ill. No. You were to come at midsummer.' When midsummer came we went to Bognor, and though I told her it would be a pleasant change for you, she would not hear of it. She said it would be no holiday for you to be shut up in a sick room, attending to the caprices of a sick person. I accompanied her to Bognor, but could only remain a few days with her, for my husband could not leave town, and I could not leave him alone. Summers stayed with her. About a fortnight ago her father said he was afraid of the cold, and wanted her home before the winter set in."

Here Mrs. Rosas paused, and caught her breath, and went on in a different voice.

"There has been a great pressure lately in the commercial world, Susan, and we have been great sufferers. We have made great sacrifices. All my private property, all my jewels, have been given up. I have only kept a few diamonds and my marriage settlement. In case of the worst, Lina will not starve. Early in the year Mr. Rosas was absolutely driven to the wall, and could not have met his engagements, but for the timely aid of Mr. Norbrecht. His assistance was given on the express stipulation that if we could not retrieve our lost fortunes he should consider that sum his wedding present to Lina."

Mrs. Rosas always spoke now in the plural number, "We," as if, poor woman, she had been an accomplice with her husband in the sacrifice of his daughter, when I knew that if her own life-blood could have saved her, it would have been freely poured out.

"Fortune has been against us," she continued; "and loss has followed loss. I do not mind telling you, Susan, that we see nothing before us but ruin. When Lina returned we tried to interest her in Mr. Norbrecht. He is not attractive, I know," said the poor woman, with a pathetic attempt at deceiving her listener and herself, "but he is a man of great probity in business and generous to a fault; but Lina never seemed to understand him or us. One morning, about ten days ago, we were sitting quietly together, reading the morning papers after breakfast. I must tell you Lina had taken to reading the newspapers latterly, quite a new thing for her, but she had done so for the last few months; when she suddenly threw down the paper, fell from her chair in a dead faint, and when her senses returned, sobbed and screamed, screamed and sobbed, for hours, till I thought she would have died, and I with her. What was this dreadful sorrow? What affliction had befallen my child? I could not find out what was the matter with her; but that day she could not leave her room. Her father was not anxious about it. 'Womanish hysterics,' he said; 'she will be better when she is married.' I was bewildered. The next day she came down as usual, but looked like a ghost. Three days afterwards her father told her that Mr. Norbrecht had proposed and been accepted by us. He told her the fatal bond which bound us to him; had he not done so, it might have been better. As it was—as it was—" Again Mrs. Rosas gasped for breath. "Lina did not say a word, but listened to him. I saw the veins in her forehead tighten, and the pulses in her throat throb, as she turned white and then red, and looked round and round, as if for escape. At last she gave a kind of groan and left the room. I wanted to go after her, but my husband would not permit it. 'She will come to her senses by herself,' he said. 'Wait two or three hours, and then you shall go to her. She will be reasonable then.' I waited: at the end of that time I went up-stairs. The house was as silent as a tomb. I went to her room. It was empty. I called. No one answered me. I went to my own room. She was not there. I went up-stairs and searched for Summers; she was gone too. From that day to this—it was now a week—I have seen neither of them. I was told that Lina had rung her bell for Summers directly she had gone to her own room that morning, and that, after some minutes, Summers went up-stairs, put on her bonnet, and that then they both went out. Lina often went out shopping with Summers, and therefore no one had particularly noticed it. The housemaid, who had met Summers going to fetch her bonnet, said she was as pale as ashes, but she fancied she might not be well. She also had seemed very poorly since her return from the country. Lina had taken all her money, but none of her clothes or trinkets except the brooch you gave her. Had she gone alone I must have been dead by this time; but I cling to the idea that as Summers is with her she is, somehow, safe."

The poor mother wrung her hands.

"And her father?" I asked.

"My husband has been like a madman!" and at the bare thought, Mrs. Rosas trembled like a leaf. "Sometimes he thinks it is my fault. I know Mr. Norbrecht thinks we are both to blame, while I—"

She rocked herself to and fro, and could not utter all her fears.

"Have you written to Oakthorpe?"

"Yes; but Mrs. Balfour was not there. I have written to Bognor, but she has not been heard of at the house we occupied. My husband will not make any inquiries that are likely to make the thing public. He will not be shamed by her, he says."

"And Mr. Norbrecht?"

"He swears that if Lina is not his wife by the 1st of January, Mr. Rosas must refund his debt, or—"

"What?"

"I scarcely know what it is, but it seems we are in his power, and he may convict us as criminal—God knows how!—as fraudulent bankrupts."

The poor woman looked so hopelessly confused and agitated, that I would ask no more questions. I told her that if I heard from Lina I would come to her at once, but feared Lina would not write to me.

I would not stop to dine, but hastened home. I was miserable. It was so startling to turn from my sunny dreams about Lina's future to these fearful realities. How could I conjecture what had become of her? I, whose world was circumscribed by schooldays and holidays, who knew nothing of love or crime, but what two or three chivalric novels of Walter Scott could teach.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A woman named Virtue Innocent has been fined, in London, for using unjust weights.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOVERNOR.

It was bright, glorious summertide again at Armytage. The golden sunshine looked boldly and gaudily into the hearts of the gay blossoms that lay spread out like a gorgeous page of illumination below the house; it frolicked like a sportive kitten upon the grassy lawn; anon lying at full length on the greensward, then darting amongst the waving branches of the tall shrubs which bordered it, or playing at hide-and-seek behind them. Then it crept slily up the stone steps upon which Olive sat at work, and dazzled her eyes so that she was fain to lay aside her needle, and to sit, lapped in lazy dreams, looking over the fair summer-world before her, whilst the sunshine crept onwards, winking at the solemn, bearded lions, and flirting with the grave, dark cedar-trees, peeping under the brim of Cissy Holmby's straw hat, and laughing like a wicked elf amongst the tawny shades of Mr. Julius's careless locks, creeping onwards across the terrace until it sprang with a sudden flash upon the grey stone walls, warming and brightening them into life, and sparkling from window to window, until the hoary old hall smiled in the rosy beams just as a venerable greybeard warms and smiles at the loving play of merry, light-hearted youth.

Presently out of the shadow of the inner house, through the open library window, there flitted a brilliant butterfly into the sunshine—in other words, Hilda Conroy sailed across the terrace, nodding benignly towards the pair of lovers, whose preoccupation she barely disturbed, and settling her spreading summer draperies upon the steps at Olive's side.

"Well, I have found you at last," she exclaimed, taking off her headgear and fanning herself with it. "I have been all through the house searching for you—everywhere, that is, but to Miss Armytage's private apartments, in which I was told she was engaged. A certain instinct of respect—to which I beg to call your attention, since it is the only grain of the commodity which enters into my composition—prevented my intruding upon her."

"Aunt Ursula will feel flattered," Olive remarked.

"She *ought*," Hilda replied complacently. "It's a curious thing, but the less people aim at gaining one's respect, the more they succeed in getting it. Now, there's Lady Arthur. She has been trying the whole of this long morning to prove her title to my unqualified respect and reverence, and yet she has not been able to make me see it." And an expression of intense weariness and annoyance overspread Miss Hilda's fine features.

"If you could imagine," she went on, "what a morning I have had! No wonder I feel like a bird out of a cage at this moment. She has been in a ghostlike, retrospective mood—if you know what that means—flitting about the graves of her youth and her beauty. Then she has been, also, in a parenthetical mood, with a spice of charity in it, trying to take me down several pegs and to do me good. And I don't feel any the better for her exertions—considerably worse, rather," concluded the young lady, fanning herself more violently than before.

"How is Lady Arthur to-day?" Olive asked.

"Well, I believe she is not so well; and that perhaps accounts for—for—*things*," Hilda replied. "Her cough is very troublesome. Dr. Greaves saw her again yesterday. He says she must be kept very quiet. 'Good gracious, doctor!' I said, 'that's exactly what I want her to do - keep quiet—but she won't.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, only repeated—in that solemn, senseless way of his—'She *must* be kept quiet. I will not answer for the consequences if she is not kept perfectly quiet.' As if," Hilda went on, exciting herself considerably on the question—"as if her being quiet were not the fervent desire and aspiration of every one of us!"

"Aunt Ursula intends to drive over to Hazelrigg presently," Olive said.

"I earnestly hope she will; and I will stay here until she comes back. She will divert the current of my lady's ideas, which just now run dangerously upon *me*. Yesterday *you* had your turn."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. She saw the news in the paper, and that roused all her most amiable instincts. And that reminds me I have not congratulated you yet."

"Upon what?"

"Very nicely done indeed," Hilda remarked, smoothing out her sea-green skirt; "nobody but me would have detected that it was sham innocence."

Olive's heart gave a quick throb. Had Gerald come back? Surely not. This was only June, and by the latest accounts he was only to be looked for in August. And, besides, why should Hilda connect his return with her, and why should her own thoughts fly at once to him? It was a sort of vexed and guilty consciousness which dyed her cheek as Hilda spoke. And not a shade of this embarrassment was lost upon the quick-sighted young lady.

"I never ask for people's secrets," she said, "but it seems to me that this, which has been in everybody's mouth so long, is hardly secret enough for any refinements of delicate circumlocution. I thought my friendship deserved something like confidence." And Hilda pouted in the most natural way after this lofty speech.

But her little airs of offence were lost upon Olive, upon whom a light, and not a pleasant one, had suddenly dawned.

"*What* is in everybody's mouth?" she demanded, sitting bolt upright upon the stone steps, and letting the sun stare her out of countenance if it liked.

In detailing this scene afterwards, Hilda declared that the "little creature's aspect was so fierce, it frightened her horribly." At all events, she held her hat between herself and Olive as a sort of protection, and cried out with a pretence of terror—

"Don't, please—don't look so savage! It's not my fault. Theodosia Thynne said it was all settled down at Arlingford last Christmas. Everybody believes it. And seeing the Governor's appointment in the *Times* yesterday, I concluded that *that* was what you had been waiting for."

"Who is governor? and of what?"

"Why, Colonel St. Maur," Hilda explained, dropping her defence as she began to perceive that she was really giving information. "He has been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy land where 'honest merit,' etc., and Irish impudence legislate for the rest. And seeing that it was the duke's appointment, I never imagined but that it had a meaning. Lady Arthur is quite jealous. She says the duke might have given it to Gerald instead.

Olive did not speak, but her flashing eyes, inquisitorially bent upon Hilda, demanded as plainly as words—"Speak plainly."

Thus brought imperatively to book, Hilda dashed it out boldly:—

"Lady Arthur talked of it as certain. Everybody considers it a settled thing, I assure you, that you intend to marry Colonel St. Maur."

"Will you be kind enough to tell Lady Arthur that you have my unqualified contradiction to that report?"

This was said with a sort of cold calm which ought to have been very impressive.

"Then it is not true after all?" sighed the incorrigible Hilda. "And I have been drawing the most comical pictures of you, the governor's lady, sitting under a gum-tree in state, receiving the aborigines—in blankets. And it's not true?" with a provoking air of making sure over again. "Oh dear me! I would not for worlds tell Lady Arthur. I had twelve hours of the subject yesterday, and I am not strong enough for a second series just yet."

Olive rose precipitately to her feet, and walked into the house. Hilda followed at her leisure, and Cissy, blushing shyly, joined her on the terrace. They found Miss Ursula and Olive in the hall, the former prepared for her drive, the latter talking with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

She had expected this, and yet now that it had come she was surprised and indignant. She would have it contradicted to Lady Arthur—to Lady Arthur of all people. And because her conscience was too direct for self-deception, she was not long in bringing home to herself *why* Gerald was coming home. This news would meet him at once. She instinctively recognized that his mother would be pleased to tell it to him. And—

And yet what was it to him?

No matter what it was to him, she could not, would not have it so. And she sent Miss Ursula with the most positive denial to Lady Arthur, and she turned back to the garden again with an opening vista of thought for her leisure—thought that was like an uneasy, aching pain which we have not yet probed to its source.

Hilda, perfectly unimpressed by any mischief she might have done, talked on, and by degrees Olive calmed down and found herself listening.

"Ask me to come and spend a long day here," she entreated, "if you have any Christian charity belonging to you. Get me away for one day, or I shall—I shall do something wicked, I know I shall. Mademoiselle had a friend whose fate she was continually weeping over and deploring because she was married to a man of uncongenial tastes, and they lived in a lighthouse. (I saw her *carte de visite*—she had false hair and wore spectacles.) The contemplation of this picture of life used to give me little cold shivers all down my back, and mademoiselle was charmed with the sympathy I exhibited for her hapless friend. But I declare to you, for the last fortnight I have felt as if the lighthouse would have been a relief."

Olive could not help laughing.

"When will you come?" she said. "I am sure Aunt Ursula will be very glad to see you at any time. But how can you leave Lady Arthur? Shall I offer to go over and stay with her whilst you are away?"

"Oh, dear, no! You wouldn't like it—she is dangerous just now. Besides, I am coming to see *you*. Miss Holmby is a sweet little thing, but then she is in love, and rather slow at any time. I want to refresh my spirits, and I should be for ever ruined in that dear, good Miss Armytage's opinion if I let them loose upon her. As for you, you know the worst of me already. O the blessing of a friend who *does!* I generally commence my friendships by showing all the bad that is in me; afterwards, if the friendship survives the test, I can go on comfortably. Don't you think it is a good plan?"

"It saves after-disappointment, at all events," Olive said.

"Exactly, and sets one at one's ease. There is nothing on earth so wretched as trying to set up to other people's good opinion of one. Have you not met with unhappy individuals whose friends have endowed them with certain qualities which they are endeavoring all the time to represent, with a result sufficiently uncomfortable to themselves and unsatisfactory to the world? I have one before me at this moment. No—not there," she hastened to explain, as Olive looked round in genuine surprise at Mr. Julius, upon whom Hilda's eyes had happened to rest, where he stood lengthening out his lingering adieux beneath the cedar-trees on the terrace slope; "that's an honest man enough; it is quite pretty to see their genuine, innocent love-making"—this with that superior, elderly air of wisdom which so distinguished Hilda. "The specimen I was speaking of is Mr. Howard, the curate of Hazelrigge. Lady Duncombe calls him 'a saintly young man,' and he knows it and believes it. Lady Arthur has taken to him of late; he holds weekly sittings with her; she says he edifies her, and she is always holding up hands at the stubbornness and hardness, and gracelessness of young people in general, and myself in particular, because I will not let him edify *me*. I cannot get over the impression that he is talking between inverted commas. I don't believe he has anything of his own to say. He walks in a devotional curve—so—and he shuts his eyes when I speak to him—so," dropping her long, dark lashes upon her clear cheek; "and that I do not consider fair; you have no play upon a man with his eyes shut, now, have you?"

"Perhaps that is why he shuts them," Olive suggested. "What do you say to him to make such an extreme measure necessary?"

"Oh, I pick out my smallest jokes, and pelt him with them like pebbles; and I *have* attempted spiritual riddles and theological discussions; yes, really, you need not look solemn or incredulous either. I asked him, quite seriously, whether he thought Bath's conduct in courting Boaz was intended as a warning or an encouragement?"

"And what did he say?"

"Shut his eyes; so there was an end of that opportunity for edification. He is afraid I want to marry him, and he thinks it wouldn't be for his soul's good that I should, so he comes to the house with a deprecatory air, and a sort of moral 'hands off' manner about him, that stimulates me more than I can express. I frighten him horribly. I tie ribbons in my hair, and meet him in the hall when he comes, and waylay him when he goes out; and I had made up my mind to attend the sittings regularly, but I really cannot stand *that*, not even for the satisfaction of making his life a burden to

him. But I sent him home yesterday in a cold perspiration."

"Oh, Hilda—" Olive was beginning.

"Now don't," interrupted that lively young lady. "I know every word you are going to say. You are going to tell me that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and so I ought; you are going to hint that my conduct is very unfeminine, and very improper, and that you wonder at me. Now consider that all that is said, and your duty done. I respect you very much for saying it, but what am I to do? 'Satan finds some mischief still,' you know, and I have nothing on earth to do—but mischief; and Lady Arthur talks to me until I go mad, and then I must either beat my maid, or tease Mr. Howard; and Ellen is a good girl, and I do not want to do her an injury, so I choose the parson. But I did not tell you what happened yesterday. Lady Arthur and he were discussing in the most Christian and edifying manner possible Miss Leda Duncombe's attachment, or rather supposed attachment, to young Mr. Courtenay, and Lady Arthur concluded, with supreme delicacy, that the young man was not at all anxious about it, but that the Duncombes meant to draw him in. To which Mr. Howard, with his eyes very wide open, assented.

"'If Miss Leda intends to marry him, she will,' I pronounced. 'If a woman has set her heart on marrying a man she will do it, and it is of no use his trying to prevent her. If he locks himself into a room, she will marry him through the keyhole.' And I fixed my eyes full upon Mr. Howard as I said it. He shivered, shuddered, and collapsed! And he went off as soon as Lady Arthur had come to the end of her sentence."

"Hilda! how *can* you!" Olive protested.

"Oh, of course, how can I?" (peevishly.) "I have told you that this is the only amusement in my way. We used to get books from the Estwick library, but Lady Arthur has stopped all but religious publications, and, seeing the effect of these upon *her*, I am literally afraid to read them. The most sensational sensation novel that ever was printed couldn't be more exciting. What an immense amount of humbug there is in the world, to be sure! To hear mamma and all the mothers I know rail against the 'sensational tone of the day,' and then let a 'Bigamist's Falsehood,' or a 'Manor House Ghost,' or any other rollicking title appear in print to-morrow, and they will all read it—every one of them! It reminds me of the old nursery days, when nurse used to take our peaches away from us—Gwendoline's and mine—when we came up from dessert, telling us they were not good for us at night, and then eat them herself as soon as we were safe in bed. How my little heart used to rage and swell! Well, lend me something to read, there's a dear creature!—something in three volumes—and I will promise you to lock myself in my own room, and to let Mr. Howard come and go in peace to-morrow."

Olive led the way to the library shelves, where Hilda rummaged amongst the light literature until she found half-a-dozen promising-looking volumes, which she prepared to carry off in triumph.

"Five o'clock," she said, looking at her watch. "I shall no doubt meet Miss Armytage. Heigho! I wonder what sort of an evening I shall have? Lady Arthur goes to bed early—that is one comfort. She will give me over again her interview with your aunt, and the exhortations she has thought it her duty to improve the occasion with. I did not tell you that her religious experience has reached the stage which entitles her to judge the religion of others. You are 'a Pharisee,' Miss Armytage is 'lukewarm,' and I, of course, am 'utterly reprobate.' Well, good-bye. When is Claris coming back? I hear that she is very gay in town. Next week? Then I can come and spend my long day with you, and Claris can come over to Hazelrigge."

These last words were uttered as she stepped into Lady Arthur's little pony carriage at the door. Looking back, with the reins gathered up in her hands, to where Olive stood, just without the portico, shading her eyes with her hand, whilst the summer breeze rustled her light garments about her, Hilda delayed her starting to say—

"And it is really not true?"

"What?"

"About the governor's lady. I am quite disappointed. Good-bye!"

And she drove off with this parting shot.

"Poor Lady Arthur!" sighed Olive, as she went back to gather up her scattered work materials from the steps upon which the sun was shining too hotly to make it any longer a pleasant resting-place—"poor Lady Arthur!"

It was easy to see, through Hilda's wild talk, fretted and worried as the girl evidently was, a pitiful enough picture of Lady Arthur's state. That inflammation which had hurried Miss Ursuly and her nieces away from Arlingford in the winter in such good time (as Olive thought then) had settled permanently upon her lungs, in consequence, her maid declared, of her own impatient disregard of the doctor's orders to keep her room and the house through the long spell of easterly wind which delayed the spring; and the more ill the lady got the more careful were the doctors not to commit themselves to any positive opinion on her case. One would only deliver himself of the verdict that she required great care; another opined that, if the cough could not be subdued, her strength would be seriously impaired; and a third could see no reason why, if certain conditions were complied with (which conditions, however, he did not state) she should not ultimately recover.

All these vague statements were made to Lady Arthur's friends; for herself, she never asked for any opinion—there was a certain terrible prescience which warned her she had better not. She looked askance at the awful shadow outlined before her night and day, growing every month more and more distinct—more and more present with her; and whilst her cheeks flushed with fever's hectic, and her breath learned to come in gasps, and her form wasted, she scolded her maid and lectured Hilda, and caught—poor creature!—at frail reeds of so-called religious help, and armed herself with them as rods wherewith to beat all about her, until she drove Hilda—whose faith was none of the strongest at any time—to the very verge of infidelity, if not beyond it.

"Lady Arthur has lived too late," soliloquized that irritated young lady on retiring to her room after one of her aunt's most violent crusades. "What a persecutor she would have made! She ought to have belonged to the Spanish Inquisition, or to have been a lady abbess of the nun-bricking-up-alive days. She is quite lost in these degenerate, latitudinarian times; there is not scope enough for her."

Claris came back just in time to save poor Hilda from desperation, and took her share, and something more than her share, of Lady Arthur's sick-room cares; and as the summer wore on, the invalid rallied, and was able to come out into the sunshine, and seemed really to fulfill the prognostication of one of the wise men that she would gain strength. Claris tended her in the most dutiful way, making occasional visits to London, where Mrs. Decies and the Bohuns were now settled, and leaving Hilda at liberty to carry herself and her worldly wisdom over to Armytage Hall often enough to save both her faith and her temper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A GHOSTLY VISITOR.

Gurney Brackenridge fleeing from the consequences of the deed he had done, made the best of his way to London, and lay in hiding there in a low water-side tavern on the Surrey side of the river. He had not intended, in the first instance, to stay there more than a few days, but to get out of the country altogether as soon as he should see an opportunity of doing so in safety. But when, the fourth morning after his arrival in London, he read in one of the daily papers a long extract from a Monkshire journal describing the finding of Jerry's body in the shut-up house—found the afternoon following the lad's death, in consequence of a statement made by Griggs the cobbler, who had heard that Mrs. Winch was making anxious inquiries after her missing son; and when he read the account of the inquest, and how it had resulted in the issue of a warrant for the apprehension of himself, he began to see that his scheme for getting out of the country, at least for some time to come, was not so entirely free from danger as he had at first imagined it would be. A minute and accurate description of his personal appearance would have already been sent to every large seaport in the kingdom; and to go down to the docks in search of a vessel either at London or Liverpool, would be like putting his head into the lion's den. It was true that he had disguised himself in some measure, having shaved off his whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his dress; but he had all an ignorant man's belief in the infallibility of the police, and he felt that his disguise would stand him in poor stead under the keen eyes of a detective in whose memory a certain paragraph of the *Hue and Cry* was busily fermenting.

No; he had better lie quietly by for a few weeks, till something fresher and more important should have engaged the attention of the blue-coated gentry; and then take an opportunity of dropping down the river by some night-sailing steamer, bound he hardly cared whither. He was not without funds, having brought away with him, in addition to what money of his own he had by him at the time, a hundred and twenty pounds belonging to Mrs. Winch, which had been intrusted to his hands on the preceding day, for the purpose of being deposited by him in the county bank at Eastringham; and he knew from the evidence as given in the newspaper, that a charge of absconding with this money had been brought against him by the indignant widow, and that he was "wanted" by Justice to answer for a double crime. Sometimes he thought that had it not been for that cursed money, which he had put into his pocket on the impulse of the moment when coming away, he would have gone back, and have given himself up, and have borne the brunt of whatever charge might have been brought against him. That Jerry Winch owed his death to him, he could not disprove; but no one but himself knew the real reason why the chloroform had been administered; and it would not be difficult to trump up some plausible story to account for having made use of it, which, if credited by a jury, would soften Jerry's premature death from a crime into a mere error of judgment; and, at the worst, they could but record a verdict of manslaughter against him, which a few months' imprisonment would expiate in full.

It may, however, be doubted, whether, in any case, Brackenridge would have had the courage to take a course so apparently straightforward, because, even then, he would have had to piece together some story that would bear cross-examination, to account for Jerry's death; and he felt himself deficient both in the audacity and invention requisite for such a course; but, now that he had taken the hundred and twenty pounds as his own, such a step was utterly out of the question: should he be captured, nothing less than a prosecution for felony awaited him.

So Gurney Brackenridge lay in hiding at the dirty little water-side public known as the *Three Fishes*, situated in the heart of a frowsy and disreputable neighborhood. They were not in the habit of letting out beds at the *Three Fishes*, their profits being arrived at by a much readier process; but the landlord was one of those men who cared little how he turned a penny, so long as he did turn it; and when the chemist, way-worn, dusty, and utterly fagged out, put the question to him five minutes before closing-time one night, whether he could be accommodated till morning, he had promptly answered in the affirmative, and had at once turned his sister and two children out of their warm bed in order to accommodate this white-faced stranger. And there Brackenridge had stayed. His bedroom accommodation was of the poorest; his meals were served up in a style very different from what he had been accustomed to at home; and he was waited on by a saucy, slatternly girl, whose ears he felt a longing to box twenty times a day; besides which, both house and neighborhood were thoroughly detestable; but then—no one ever asked him any questions; no one ever seemed to suspect his reasons for lingering there, one day after another; every atom of that seething mass of humanity by which he was surrounded was too intent on its own bitter struggle for the needful daily crust, or too absorbed in the enjoyment of its own fierce pleasures, to heed him in any way; and he almost felt that he was safe. "Expecting some relation from the East Indies are you?" said the landlord one day, in reply to some mumbled explanation from Brackenridge of his long stay at the *Three Fishes*. "That's all right enough, I daresay; but you may as well understand Bob Jarvis once for all. So long as a man pays his way like a man, and ain't stuck up, I axes no questions. Whether a cove's on the square, or whether he's under a cloud, don't matter a penn'orth to me."

Brackenridge began to find his life intolerably dull. He sent out for a newspaper every morning, which he contrived to make last him till his one-o'clock dinner was brought up; but when that was over, he had no resource left but to smoke and sleep away the long dreary afternoons, which seemed as if they would never come to an end. He never ventured out of doors while the faintest glimmer of daylight lingered in the sky; but as soon as night had fairly set in, and the *Three Fishes*, waking up from the semi-lethargy of its daylight existence, lighted all its lamps, indoors and out, and began to grow jovial, not to say uproarious, after its own fashion, which was far from being a pleasant one, then would the forlorn chemist steal out at the back-door, and tramp the frowsy streets for hours. He rarely ventured more than a mile away from the *Three Fishes*, but found his way back to it again and again in the course of each evening's peregrination, or rather to some point from which its lamps could be seen; for no sooner had he left it behind him, than he became possessed by an uneasy sense of the insecurity of its existence, a dread of fire or of some other unforeseen calamity overtaking it while he was away, which dragged him back times without number against his better sense, as it were, that he might satisfy himself with his own eyes that the crazy old building was still intact. He was not without a reason for this anxiety. Behind a loose piece of skirting-board at the back of his bed lay hidden away the canvas-bag containing the hundred and twenty sovereigns which he had brought with him from the country: to have walked about such a neighborhood with such a sum of money on his person, would have been sheer madness; and that was the only place of security he could think of.

The last thing every night before turning in, he crept down the short street, of which the *Three Fishes* formed the corner house abutting on the main thoroughfare, to look at the river. Not that much of it could be seen on a dark night by looking through the gateway at the bottom of the street, and so across the little disused grain-wharf; nothing, in fact, but a great patch of blackness with a fringe of fire-flies on the opposite shore; but such as it was, he loved to gaze on it, no one less able than himself to explain the reason why; and when the tide ran high, and the wind was at all rough, he could hear the melancholy plish-plash of the water against the stone lip of the wharf, and it was a sound that drove him back to his room with a chilled heart, and dim forebodings of coming ill: but none the less would he go down to the wharf on the following night, and strain his eyes into the darkness, and listen, as though he were expecting the coming of some grim boatman, with whom he had an appointment that must not be broken.

Yes, Gurney Brackenridge began to find the life he was leading intolerably dull. No wonder, then, that he began to look at his old friend, the brandy bottle, for solace and companionship. Under the wing of this trusty friend, he could forget half his troubles, or afford to view them with as much equanimity as though they were the property of some one else; so, little by little, the alluring habit grew upon him, and day by day his power of resistance grew weaker. The landlord of the *Three Fishes* made no difficulty about procuring as much French brandy as his lodger asked for, so long as his privilege of a hundred per cent. profit was not objected to.

One evening, while rambling about, Brackenridge got wet through, and took a severe cold; and after that time he lay in bed almost day and night, drinking more than ever, and rarely going outside the house, except now and then to steal down the street, and gaze through the bars for a minute or two at the river, and then creep back with a shiver to his cheerless room. He slept so much in the daytime now that he could no longer rest soundly at night, and his pillow was often haunted by frightful dreams, from which he would wake up in an agony so intense as made him dread the thought of ever going to sleep again. As each morning came round, he told himself that it should be the last of his stay at the *Three Fishes;* that on the following day he would go down to the docks and secure a berth on board the first ship he could find that was about to sail at once for a foreign port, no matter whither. Surely sufficient time had now elapsed for his little affair to be buried under the pressure of other and more immediate interests, and such a step as he contemplated could no longer be attended with much danger. Yes, he would go and look for a ship next morning without fail, and get out of this cursed country as quickly as possible. But when next morning came, bringing with it a nasty headache, and a feeling of languor and utter distaste for exertion of any kind, the soul of his resolution had vanished; and after refreshing himself in some measure with a volley or two of curses, invoked on his own head for his own laziness and lack of purpose, he would make another appointment with himself for the following morning, which would be broken in turn.

"I call him the Bottle Conjuror," said the landlord to his wife one night, in allusion to their lodger. "He has an almighty swallow, and no mistake. And so quiet as he is over it all! No noise, no blether. I like a fellow that can take his tipple without rowing."

Waking up one night from an ugly dream, Brackenridge started up in bed, and gazed fearfully round, as though half expecting to see some of the horrid shapes with which his sleep had been crowded. With a sigh of relief, he recognized where he was; and scrambling out of bed, he lighted another candle in addition to the one that was already burning, and mended his fire, and put on a few articles of dress, and drew his chair up to the blaze, and poured himself out a tumbler of brandy, and sat down to make himself as comfortable as possible till morning. His daylight slumbers were rarely troubled with bad dreams; and after this last experience, he determined within himself that he would turn day into night in future, and go to bed no more during the dark hours. He heard a distant clock strike, and looking at his watch, he found that it was two hours past midnight. How quiet everything was! All the world but himself seemed to be asleep. He would have liked just now to go down and have a peep at the black river; but it would never do to disturb the household at such an untimely hour. Suddenly he started, and gazed over his shoulder with straining eyes. Was there not somebody outside trying the casement? But next moment he laughed aloud to think what a timorous fool he was. "I ought to know by this time," he muttered, "that it's only that blustering old Boreas in want of a night's lodging somewhere. I shall be frightened at my own shadow next."

With that he took a long pull at the tumbler of brandy; and then with his slippered feet resting on the fender, and half crouching over the fire, he fell to brooding darkly over his past life, more especially over that string of strange events which had ended by landing him, a skulking thief, at the hostelry of the *Three Fishes*. More brandy, or he should go mad! A long pull and a strong pull. Why, he was better already, and could afford to snap his fingers at Black Care, and at the troop of demons that dog his heels and dance with red-hot feet on the brains of poor sinners. Elixir of life truly, to work such a sudden change in the miserable wretch of a few minutes ago! There were cakes and ale in store yet, even for such as he; and the world was a devilish pleasant place to live in.

Another hour striking by the distant clock. "One—two—three. The Miller of Dee so jolly was he, he cared for nobody, no not he."

"Come in." He had heard no noise of footsteps on the stairs, but there was certainly a knock at his room-door.

"Jerry Winch!" He almost screamed the words as he started up from his chair, and pressed his fingers to his burning eyeballs for a moment, as if to shut out the dread apparition which his diseased imagination had conjured up. But it was still there when he looked again; so he took the half-emptied bottle in his hand, and drained a draught that would have scorched the vitals of any one less case-hardened than himself. "That's better," he muttered. "I don't care a d—n now for all the ghosts in the world." There was a wild glare of defiance in his blood-shot eyes, and his hands shook like those of a man stricken with palsy as he waved his arm for the phantom to enter.

"Curse you, why don't you come in!" he exclaimed. "Don't stand there, staring at me with those dead man's eyes. Shut the door after you, and take that chair. No nearer, if you please, or else I must draw back: ghosts ain't pleasant companions at close quarters. You look awfully cold.—You always are cold now, and I shall be the same when I'm like you!—By Jove! though, I say, that's serious; especially for a fellow like me, that never could stand cold. And, I say, Jerry, my buck, why do you have your jaw tied up with that white cloth? It ain't nice; there's a church-yard flavor about it that I can't stomach.—What do you say? It's the custom of the country where you are now for jaws to be tied up in that fashion. Then it's a custom that ought to be abolished. Ugh! it makes me feel as if my veins were full of worms, to look at you. While you are here, Jerry, I may as well tell you that what happened to you at my house was quite accidental—it wasn't intended, on my soul; and I hope you bear no malice.—You don't? That's kind—that's good of you. I daresay, now, that unsubstantial fellows like you have conceit enough to fancy that they know a heap of things; but I'd wager my two ears that you can't tell me where I shall be and what I shall be doing twelve hours from this time.—What do you say? I shall be down by Deptford Creek? That's a lie, anyhow; I shall be nothing of the sort. But never mind, my young romancer; go ahead, and tell me what I shall be doing down by Deptford Creek to-morrow afternoon. You shake your head; you won't answer. I thought that would be a poser for you. Come, now, I'll put my question another way. How shall I go down to Deptford Creek to-morrow afternoon?—By water, do you say? Your are a liar, Jerry. But never mind; tell me what will happen when I get down to the Creek?—There will be a crowd of people, and two men will hook a body from among the mud and piles, and nobody there will know whose it is—is that what I understand you to say? Very interesting, certainly; only I don't quite see in what way it concerns me. I must have another nip of brandy to take the taste of your last remark out of my mouth. A drowned body! Faugh! let's talk of something else.—You must be going, do you say? With all my heart, for it is rather late, you know. Next time you pay me a visit, come at a more seasonable hour—by daylight, if possible. And I say, Jerry, do leave off wearing that white cloth round your face; and there's a cold, fishy look about your eyes that I don't like; and there's a bluish tinge about your complexion that I don't remember to have noticed before. Do, my dear fellow, pay a little more attention to your appearance.—You want me to go with you, do you say? Much obliged, but I'd rather stay where I am.—There's something outside you want to show me? What, in the fiend's name, can there be outside worth my going to look at, at this time of the night? Oh, you won't stir, won't you, unless I'll go a bit of the way with you? You're an infernal old nuisance, Jerry, to say so; and I shan't fret if I don't see your ugly phiz again for a blue moon. I suppose I must do as you want me, or I shall never get rid of you; so start at once."

Having fortified himself with another pull at his long-necked favorite, Brackenridge was ready, without further preparation, to accompany his ghostly visitor. He rose, pushed back his chair, and with his eyes intently fixed on the figure which his disordered brain had conjured up, he crossed the floor, and opened the door, passed into the corridor outside, which was lighted at its further end by a window that opened direct on to the roof of the next house. Towards this window, through which a white stream of moonlight was now falling, the chemist advanced, still following that something invisible to all eyes but his own.

"Not there, Jerry—not there, man!" he said, in an excited whisper. "That window opens on to the leads, and your way lies down the staircase. What's that you say? You are going to take a walk on the leads, and I must go with you? Well, go ahead, my hearty; G. B. is not the man to shirk anything he has promised. It would have been more mannerly of you, though, Jerry, to have left the window open behind you, instead of flitting through in that queer fashion, and leaving me to bungle over it as I best can. Egod! though, but it blows cool out here."

By this time Brackenridge was standing on the leads of the house next to the *Three Fishes*, in the little street leading down to the river. The houses in this street were of one uniform height, and were built after an antiquated style, with dormer windows in the roof, in front of which was a flat leaded space, and outside that a broad raised parapet. On to this parapet Brackenridge now stepped without hesitation, following his phantom guide. A single false step would have precipitated him into the street below; but there was this to be remarked, that the state in which Brackenridge then was in so far resembled somnambulism that he was apparently enabled to dispense with the use of his eyes as a safeguard for his feet. He seemed to see nothing save the gliding phantom before him; he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left; he saw nothing of the vast panorama of house-tops stretching out interminably on three sides of him; he saw nothing of the dark river in front of him, towards which his steps were tending; but with eyes that never winked, or broke away for a single instant from their intense stare at vacancy, and with unfaltering feet, he went onward to his doom.

"A regular wild-goose chase this, and no mistake," he muttered. "Jerry, Jerry, you imp of Satan, where are you leading me to? Not up there, you ninconpoop! Well, if we must, we must; but we cant get much further, at anyrate, for the river's just below." While the chemist was speaking, he came to the end of the parapet along which he had been walking, and close before him rose the higher roof of the disused granary, which was built on to the last house of the street, and ran flush up to the river, with a penthouse, and a crane, for convenience in hoisting grain into and out of the barges which occasionally moored alongside. Behind the stack of chimneys belonging to the last house, a small iron ladder gave access to the roof of the granary, which had probably been put there as a means of escape in case of fire, and up this ladder Brackenridge now mounted.

"Not another step will I follow you, Jerry, my buck," said the chemist in a positive tone as he stepped on to the roof; "and it's my belief that I'm a confounded ass for having come so far. Now, show me what you have got to show me, and let me go back to my room, for it's awfully cold here. O no, of course you don't feel it; you've got no—— Jerry, Jerry! don't! don't," screamed the wretched man, starting from the spot on which he had been standing, his white drawn face all distorted with terror, while a light foam began to gather on his lips. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning, the air-drawn phantom which he had been following had changed its semblance. It was no longer the likeness of Jerry in the flesh that he saw before him, but the likeness of Jerry out of the flesh. It was neither more nor less than a skeleton clothed in the habiliments Jerry had been wont to wear—the home-spun suit, the conical hat, the hob-nailed shoes, were all there; there was even a peculiar little self-conceited pose of the head common to Jerry when the poor simpleton was more than usually well pleased with himself; and, more terrible than all else, there, too, were Mogaddo and Pipanta, writhing and coiling round the fleshless arms and neck of their master, as Brackenridge had often seen them do when alive.

Almost before Brackenridge had time to note this horrible transformation, the phantom swiftly altered its position, and placed itself between him and the ladder. With another scream, even more shrill than the first one, the haunted wretch fell back. "Oh, Jerry, lad, have mercy, have mercy!" he cried. "What have I done, to be tormented thus? I will confess everything; I will go back, and give myself up; only leave me—leave me, or I shall go mad!"

Trembling in every limb, the chemist retreated step by step along the flat roof of the granary, and step by step the phantom followed him up, leering at him horribly from under its conical hat; while the glittering eyes of Mogaddo and Pipanta fixed full on his eyes, seemed to pierce his brain like spikes of flame. He had either forgotten how close he was to the river, or was heedless of his danger in the great dread that lay upon him. Nearer and nearer to the fatal spot, slowly pursued by the remorseless foe which his own fancy had conjured up.

"Have mercy, have mercy!" he wailed with clasped hands, but still retreating, "Let me keep my senses; let me have time to—"

Not another word on earth. A sudden fall backward from the roof of the granary; a wild shriek, borne far through the night-air; a heavy splash in the swift-flowing river; and Gurney Brackenridge was no longer among the living. That wild cry and that heavy splash were heard by the crew of the Thames police-boat on duty no great distance away. They were quickly on the spot, and rowed about it for nearly an hour; but nothing more was seen or heard. On the afternoon of the same day—for it was early morning when all this took place—a little crowd was assembled down Deptford way, watching two men drag a drowned body from among the piles and mud, where it had been left by the receding tide.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The oldest woman in America is Mrs. Force, who lives in the mountains of East Tennessee, and is aged one hundred and twenty-one years. She is blind, but being quite hearty, walks without assistance. Her memory is unimpaired, and she can recount many of the events of the Revolution with great accuracy.

☞ A Scotch earl, Lord Fife, gave Madame Vestris a thousand guineas to allow a cast to be taken of her leg; the earl died, and this cherished leg was sold for half a crown.

☞ A clergyman of England was much mortified recently by learning that his daughter had eloped with her groom. The old gentleman's ire was considerably mollified by the further information that the delinquent was nothing worse than a bridegroom.

☞ The rats in the sewers of Vienna have been so effectually destroyed by green vitriol, or sulphate of iron, that Professor Hyrtle, of that city, requiring some of those animals for experiments, was scarcely able to obtain them at any price.

☞ Nuremberg exports 20,000 of Faber's lead pencils annually.

☞ It is a sad commentary upon the prosperity and "fast" habits of the last few years in America that since 1856 nearly all our state penitentiaries have doubled the number of their inmates.

☞ While the Woman's Rights Convention was in session at Albany a horse car was crowded. There entered a severe looking female. An old gent rose to give her a seat. "Be you one of those womenrighters?" he asked. "I be," replied the ancient. "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired. "Yes I do," was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the man, "stand up, and enjoy them like a man;" and she had to stand up.

☞ A line of steam carriages for common roads is to be established from Marseilles to Aubagne, a small town ten miles off. Experiments of the same kind between Nantes and Paris have proved very successful. Perhaps this and the hippophagic movement foreshadow the ultimate fate of the horse.

☞ Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, Deacon, that I may swear a good deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean anything by it." The Deacon now always alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

Consumption of Postage Stamps.

Twenty tons, or by superficial measurement, forty-eight and a-half square miles, of postage stamps have been used during the year—enough to roof a large township, with all its houses, churches, barns, gardens, forests and farms; or, if you choose to make a ribbon of them, enough to reach nearly from the equator to either pole, or twice the length of the Mississippi river. So that if everybody would be obliging enough to use the Government stamp on the envelope itself, the mere omission of these little extra bits of paper would lighten the mail-bags by more than forty thousand pounds, and save in paper fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. The Postmaster-General does not impart this information in so many words, but he assures us that nearly three hundred and fifty millions of stamps have been sold in the year past, beside nearly forty millions of stamped envelopes, and a simple calculation reduces the story to the more tangible form we have given it.—*Scientific American.*

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.
It is pleasant safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."
DR. B. C. PERRY,
Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; moles, worms and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.
To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.
No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec29-3m

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.
We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled family medicine.
The PAIN KILLER is, by universal consent, allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medicinal preparations. Its instantaneous effect in the entire eradication and extinction of *pain*, in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favor, have been, and are, its own best advertisement.
jan5-6t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Foul breath, so nauseous to every one, and the invariable concomitant of a disordered state of the stomach, is easily corrected by a few doses of these cleansing Pills. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

RX THERE IS NO EXCUSE for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves. jan5-6t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is little or no demand for export. About 6000 bbls sold, in lots, to the retailers and bakers at prices ranging from $9@9,50 for superfine; $10@10 50 for extra; $11@13 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $13,50@16,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15,50@16 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $7,35 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat remains about the same as last quoted; 3000 bus Penna red sold at from $2,03@2,10; 4000 bus Southern do at $2@2,21; 2000 bus California white at $2,22@2 30, and small lots of Pennsyl and Southern white at $2,30@2,35. Rye; 2000 bus sold at $1 30@1,35 for Western. Corn; about 50,000 bus new yellow sold at from 95c@$1, including new white at 95@97c, and 4000 bus old yellow at $1,16@1,18 ₱ bus. Oats; 20,000 bus sold at 57@59c for Southern and 59@60c ₱ bus for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull and drooping. Small sales are reported at $21,50 per bbl for new mess Pork; 14@15c ₱ lb for plain and fancy bacon Hams; 12@12½c for pickled do; 9@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 12½@13c ₱ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tierces. Butter—Small sales are making at 29@35c for roll, 30@32c for dairy, and 15@20c ₱ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 16@17c ₱ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 32@35c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There is no material change to notice. About 600 bales of middlings sold at 33@34½c for Uplands, and 35@36c for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 40c ₱ lb.

COAL continues inactive. Sales are making at $5@5 25 for white ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₱ ton for red ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at 50@55c, and choice at 57½c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@6 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples—Sales at 8½@10c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpeeled quarters at 15@16c; halves at 22@25c, and pared at from 30@35c ₱ lb.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60c ₱ lb.

PLASTER—Sale of soft at $4,50 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed; small sales are reported at from $8,75@9,25 ₱ bus. Timothy ranges at from $3,25@3,75, and Flaxseed at $2,90@3 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $1,65@1,67 ₱ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are reported at 11@11½c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. About 110,000 pounds sold at from 62½@65c for fine; 55@60c for medium; 40@45c for coarse; 48@50c for tub washed; 32@35c for unwashed; and 33@35c ₱ lb for No. 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 15½@16½c ₱ lb for Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6 cts ₱ lb. 9,000 Hogs sold at from $8,00@9,10 ₱ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. WILLIAM IRELAN to Miss LIZZIE V. HAMILTON, both of this city.
On the 29th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. CHARLES F. JONES to Miss MARY J. PAUL, both of this city.
On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. JACOB HAUBERT to Miss MAGGIE C. BECKMAN, both of this city.
On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOHN P. HUNTER to Miss TILLIE F. RUTTER, both of this city.
On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. STACY JARVIS to Mrs. MARY W. MILLARD, both of this city.
On the 2d of Dec., by the Rev. R. W. Hutter, D. D., CHARLES BARNS, Esq., of Pottsville, Pa., to LOUISA R. ESHEN, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec., ELLEN WILLIAMS, in her 19th year.
On the 24th of Dec., Mrs. MARGARET L., relict of the late Jeremiah Saunders, in her 64th year.
On the 20th of Dec., Mrs. ANNA LECHLER, in her 79th year.
On the 23d of Dec., HORACE M. MARTIN, aged 26 years.
On the 22d of Dec., JOHN G. CHAMBERS, in his 37th year.
On the 23d of Dec., WILLIAM CHESNUT, aged 81 years.
On the 23d of Dec., LOUIS C. MAYRIEU, in his 44th year.
On the 21st of Dec., WILLIAM J. COULTER, in his 29th year.

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM
Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.
HALF THE COST
of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.
A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 25 yards can be woven with it in a day.
FARMERS,
Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.
For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,
A. B. GATES & CO.,
533 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.
Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with *every* new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.
Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.
Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address
nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

"SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE," or Andy's Trip to the West, together with a life of its hero "Andrew Johnson." By Petroleum V. Nasby, "A Dimmicrat of 30 years standing." This history begins at the beginning and is carried "so far as it kin be carried until the subjik dies or does suthin." 33 comic engravings (some full page ones), making the most humorous book ever printed. Price, only 20 cts. 10 for $1, 100 for $8, postpaid. Address HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. dec22-3t

ORATORIOS AND CANTATAS.—ORATORIOS.—The Creation, Haydn, cloth $2, boards $1 60, paper $1 38. Messiah, Handel, cloth $2, boards $1 60, paper $1 38. Moses in Egypt, Rossini, $2 25. David, Neukomm, $1. St. Paul, Mendelssohn, cloth $2, boards $1 60, paper $1 25. Elijah, Costa, cloth $2 50, boards $2, paper $1 75. Naaman, Costa, cloth $2 50, boards $2, paper $1 75. Mt. Sinai, Neukomm, $2. Praise to God, Bristow, $2 25.
CANTATAS.—As the Hart Pants, Mendelssohn, boards 60 cts., paper 50. Hear my Prayer, Mendelssohn, 50. Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn, $1. Miriam's Song of Triumph, Schubert, 75. Praise of Friendship, Mozart, 50. St. Cecilia's Day, Van Hree, cloth $1 25, paper $1. May Queen, Bennett, cloth $1 25, paper 90. The Morning, Reiss, 50. Storm King, Baker, 38. Burning Ship, Baker, 85. Winter Evening's Entertainment, Quil, cloth $1 25, paper $1. Transient and Eternal, Romberg, 38. Great Rebellion, Webster, $2. Sent, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, Boston.

MONEY RETURNED
In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by F. C. GODFREY only,
nov3-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

HERE IT IS!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address FRANKLIN & JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

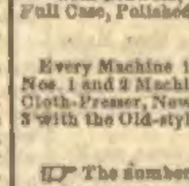
AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF the United States, to sell "THE LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS," a new work, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the great historian. The work is finely illustrated, complete in one volume, and ready for subscribers. The author, the theme, and the elegant style in which it is issued, combine to render it one of the best books for Agents ever published in this country. Exclusive territory may be secured by addressing H. B. RUSSELL & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass. dec15-4t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1 00. Address F. F. BOWEN, dec17-3t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

You must have CLOTHING.
You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.
You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.
This is natural and right enough.
The question is WHERE to buy?
It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:
There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.
This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET to MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.
You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.
We have,
1st-Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.
2d-Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.
3d-Custom Department To Make to Order.
4th-Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.
Yours, very respectfully,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
PHILADELPHIA.
☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.
☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.
oct13-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.
These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—
No. 2 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65
No. 3 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100
No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110
Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Bruider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
DEACON & PETERSON,
310 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
NO SOAP! NO WATER! NO SLOP!
Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish,
(Patented Oct. 19th, 1865.)
For cleaning and polishing Windows, Mirrors, Gold Silver Plated ware, Brass, Copper, Tin, etc. A new invention of the greatest practical worth, convenience and economy; indispensable to all private housekeepers, hotel-keepers, store-keepers, etc. Address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York. dec8-4t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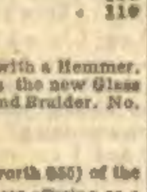
A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.
Address, with Stamp, Prof. H. H. ROBB,
oct27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. ODDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

The Great Strengthening Tonic
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.
H
PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
on
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,
Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.
O
DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more Testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.
O
We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and
WILL PAY $1,000
to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.
F
Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.
L
REMEMBER,
That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]
Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shoemaker St.
A
[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.
[From Rev. D. Merrick, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]
From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRICK.
[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]
Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
936 Hutchinson Street, Philada.
N
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.
A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Cultivator*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.
Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.
D
Beware of Counterfeits!
☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.
☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
Principal Office and Manufactory,
No. 631 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
Proprietors.
For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 15-ow1y

PALMER'S
PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.
1609 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.
ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST. BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T A. A. LIMB. CO.
These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.
DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.
All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.
To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.
ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.
MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00	A.M. & 11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.30	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 5.10 P.M.
Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.
Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20	A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.35	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.
Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 9.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.
For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.
AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday.
For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
sp7-9m No. 127 Dock Street.

INVASION!
Do you wish to have your hair cauterized from the scalp? No. Then beware of the new brood of Vitiolic and Caustic Dyes got up by nostrum-mongers, who bear the same relation to the responsible Chemist that
PIRATES AND PRIVATEERS
bear to honest merchantmen. Remember that the experience of years, and the very highest scientific endorsements, guarantee the superiority of
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE
over every other in use. It is purely vegetable, infallible and instantaneous.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by all Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. jan5-6teow

IMPORTANT QUALITIES.—BRANDRETH'S PILLS SO STIMULATE all the interior powers of the system that every poison or impurity is forced from the blood into the bowels, and thus passes off. Recent cases of sickness will often be cured by the effect of 6 or 8 Brandreth's Pills, which, when the operation is full and complete, leave the blood as free from poisonous and unhealthy matter as that of a new-born babe. In colds, inflammatory diseases, and even in cholera, their use restores to health sooner than all other remedies, because they take from the blood and bowels those matters upon which pains, cramps, and aches depend for continuance.
Captain Isaac Smith, of Sing Sing, says, thirty of Brandreth's Pills, taken according to directions, cured him of a very severe bronchial affection after other means had failed, and he wishes his numerous friends to know the fact.
Brandreth's Pills, Principal Office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold also by all Druggists. See my name on Government stamp, without which the pills are spurious. B. BRANDRETH.
jan5-6teow

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRIFF, P. O. Box 3068, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec8-10t

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I'm This Man."

The Synod of Kentucky was in session. The subject of raising the salaries of certain professors was under discussion. The Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, D. D., was on the floor, making a speech in opposition to the measure. It had been said that ministers of high standing and large means, clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, did not sympathize with those whose salaries were small. To this Dr. Breckinridge was replying. He scouted the idea that ministers live for money, or desire the luxuries of the world. As for himself, he challenged any man to say that he lived more frugally than himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, and standing six feet high at least, he displayed his proportions, and exclaimed,—

"As to fine linen, if there is a man on this floor who dresses more plainly than I do, I offer to exchange clothes with him this moment."

Directly in front of the moderator, and in sight of most of the members, sat the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the planting clergy—a short, thickset, and rotund brother, whose circumference exceeded his altitude, and in this respect no man in the house presented so strong and striking a contrast with the tall and courtly Kentuckian. But the proposition to swap clothes had hardly escaped the lips of the speaker before Hopkins wriggled himself out of his seat, and on his feet, and cried out,—

"Mr. Moderator, I'm this man."

The effect was instantaneous and tremendous. The image of Breckinridge, with his long arms and legs protruding from Hopkins's toggery, was up before the eyes of the synod. They could see nothing else, think of nothing else; and for a while they gave way to uncontrolled laughter, in which no one joined so heartily as the discomfitted speaker.

Jezebel's Death.

Mr. Everett, the youngest son of the late Hon. Edward Everett, has published, in England, a series of entertaining lectures on College Life in old Cambridge, bringing in many of the laughable doings of under-graduates. He describes the examination of a student on the death of Jezebel, and says that after prefacing his account of the tragedy with the remark that it was most important to preserve the exact words of the sacred narrative, the examinee proceeded thus:—

"And as he passed through the gate of the city, there looked out unto him two persons appointed for that purpose. And he said unto them, "Throw her down." So they threw her down. And he said, "Do it a second time." And they did it a second time. And he said, "Do it a third time." And they did it a third time; and they did it unto seven times; yea, even unto seventy-times seven. Last of all the woman died also. And they took up of the broken fragments that remained seven baskets' full."

Another student describes the ascent of Elijah into Heaven in this wise:—

"And then came two she-bears out of the wood, and said unto Elijah, 'Go up, thou bald-head,' and he went up."

The same examinee, after repeating the Samaritan's saying to the innkeeper, "When I come again, I will repay thee," added, "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more."

What Branch?

A certain Georgia countryman, not having been splendidly educated, and who was very successful as a "money-maker," determined to send his son off, for refinement and culture, to the good "Old North State." When the young man arrived at the destined point, the President of the institution wanted to know what line of studies he would pursue, and failing to elicit the information from the boy, interrogated the old man, by letter as follows:—

"My Dear Sir:—Your son has arrived, &c. What branch shall I put him in?

"Respectfully."

This was a poser, and bothered the "old gent" mightily. In his musings he could arrive at nothing satisfactory, but was suddenly reminded of doing something speedily to save him. After "rummaging" a while for a pen, ink, and paper, he produced the following demoralized effusion:—

"Sir:—If the boy must go into a branch, select one yourself—but for his mother's sake, don't put him in Tar River."

Field for a Lecturer.

A Paris, Kentucky, correspondent of the Cincinnati Times writes concerning that place:—

A humorous lecturer who came here recently, sent his agent on a couple of days ahead, to smooth his way. On his arrival he found Mr. Agent most thoroughly Bourbonized. Whether or not there is "a Bourbon among us" he had certainly been among a good deal of Bourbon. The following dialogue ensued between lecturer and agent—

Lecturer—"What are the prospects?"

Agent—"Splen'id prospects."

Lecturer—"What sort of a house do you reckon we'll have?"

Agent—"(hic) Full."

Lecturer—"About how full?"

Agent—"(hic) Fuller'n tick."

Lecturer—"Do you think the people here appreciate humor?"

Agent—"Preshate humor? Well if as'n feller to drink every fi'n minutes is 'preshation 'f humor, they've (hic) got it!"

A Little Round Turn.

"Here, Phil, run out this line and make it fast with a round turn to the post of that warehouse in there abreast of us." That was the order from the commander of one of the transports down there at City Point, to a strapping Emerald-Islander, in the blue shirt, broad collar and tarpaulin of the naval persuasion. "Ay, ay-ee, sur-r-r!" And away went Phil with the end of the warp, and three minutes later he was blazing away at one of the posts with an old axe he'd found lying round loose. "Hallos, there, man! What in thunder ye doing?" yelled a warehouse clerk. "Going to cut the house down?" "Avast, there, Phil! What the mischief are you up to?" roared the transport captain. "Shure, an' it's only jist hewin' the carners aff I am," Phil shouted back, still lathering away at the big post. "How the divil would I be after takin' a ROUND turrun on a *square sthick?*"

"BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL TO THE GROUND."

FIRST SHOEBLACK.—"I cotched 'old on 'im fust!"
SECOND DITTO.—"You're a ——!" [*Old gentleman is flung heavily.*

A True Sensation Story.

He had done the deed.

But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligent potato in the next field was upon him.

The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its (s) stalk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut, after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence.

The culprit was overtaken by justice, and several scarlet runners, and brought before a justice of the peas.

The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, oh, reader, the wretched man's guilt?

He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would turn up in evidence against him.

He was executed, of course, the mode of execution, decapitation, in order to sever the carrot-ed artery.

He is now a dead beat.

A HYPOCRITE.—An editor says that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The parent rogue was arrested and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest a piece of an old Bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible: "Thou shalt not steal." What a hypocrite!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WINTER ORCHARD WORK.

Major H—— is a veteran orchadist, and withal one of the most successful scientific horticulturists in the country. The major is always reconnoitering, looking out for and into everything that may come up new in his line of practice. Three days since we—*i. e.* the major was one of us—were buggying across the country in a latitude and longitude not much known to either of us. The major was on the lookout for novelties, and found something that astonished him. And being astonished, he sung out:—"*Hallos!*" as he has a habit of doing. Then after looking a little, and standing up in the buggy in order to look farther or plainer, or something; and getting set down solid suddenly by a jerk of the buggy, the major said more, in an excited way:

"Well, I'll be blessed! Just look over yonder. If there aint a he goose chopping up frozen ground and setting out apple trees in winter weather cold enough to freeze an Arctic fox."

"Yes—and there's some other queer kink the man is at, major. What is that white stuff he's putting in the holes—snow?"

"No, don't you see it looks like lime mortar? I'll bet the fool *is* putting lime—whitewash into his tree holes. Hold up! stop, Cosmo. Let us go over and look at the simpleton's work."

So we held up—stopped, and tied Phil to the fence, and went over to look at the simpleton, and saw as we got close a middle-aged man that didn't look a mite like a simpleton. But he *was* putting lime mortar into the hole where he was going to plant a young apple tree, and a bright, intelligent-looking lad—his son, was assisting. Ten steps off, the major sang out:

"Hallos, neighbor!"

"What for?" the man asked, without looking up from his work.

"What are you doing, sir?"

"Don't you see? Setting out these young apple trees I've got here."

"Yes, and pitching into the holes sods and clods frozen as hard as fire bricks, and then shovelling lime mortar over 'em to set the trees on. I'll eat every tree you get to grow in that way of planting."

"I'd rather you wouldn't, sir. Too many bugs and worms living on our fruit trees already, without men taking to eating 'em. You shall be welcome to the first apples they bear—as many as you can carry off. You'll find them better eating than the trees."

"But, my dear sir—this putting out trees in the winter—setting them on frozen clods and lime mortar! Never heard of such a thing. What's your idea?"

"It aint an idea at all now. It was at first—sixteen years ago. It has been a practical fact more than a dozen of years with me."

"Please explain, will you?"

"Yes, sir. You see the trees are torpid—dead like now—don't feel anything. Well, it's better to put them out now, just as we put a baby to bed while it is asleep. Then they wake up after the winter's nap, find themselves planted all right, and are ready to go on growing. Better, a great deal than to plant them in the fall, before they are quite asleep, or in the spring after they get awake and the buds started. That *will* put them back some the best we can do, and sometimes it kills."

"Yes, you're right there. That is correct philosophy. But about the frozen clods and lime mortar?"

"Well, you see I put the frozen sods, clods, and surface earth in a heap in the centre of the hole, shovel in all around the pile about a bushel of fine, rich compost, made of almost everything I can scrape up about the place. Then I spread over the top about a bucket full of this lime whitewash thickened with spent tan bark, set the tree on top and fill in carefully with the fine earth, and cover over all with half-rotted barn-yard litter. The sods and clods hold the frost in a long while and keep the trees from waking up and trying to bud out too early if there happens to come a premature warm spell in the spring. The lime lays hold of the sods, fixing the grass and fibrous roots for food for the young tree, the frost coming out gradually, leaves the under-pinning light and porous, the tan bark helps in that way, and when the baby tree wakes up naturally, all it has to do is to go right on growing. There's that orchard up there—beautiful trees, aint they?—three hundred of 'em—every tree planted in the winter, just exactly as I am putting in these. Never lost a tree that I remember."

The major looked a little while at the man—scratched his ear as he has a way of doing when trying to remember something, or somebody, and finally asked—

"Isn't your name Plodder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jacob Plodder?"

"Junior. Yes, Jacob, *Jr.*, the fifth. That is, I am the fifth Jacob Plodder, Jr., that's owned and farmed this place."

"Why, bless me, Mr. Plodder! How are you? Shake hands. Thought I'd seen you—Cosmo—Mr. Jacob Plodder, whose apples—Newtown and fall pippins, red streaks, Jarenwalders, Rambos and R. I. Greenings, have been getting first prizes at all the shows and fairs these five years. Thought I knew you, Mr. Plodder."

"And I *knew* I knew you all the time, Major H——. But I guessed you didn't quite understand the best way of putting out apple trees. Was wishing you'd stop and come over and learn something."

"And I am very glad I have done so, Mr. Plodder. And now, as I see you have been pruning and trimming up your orchard there lately, I will thank you for your ideas on that point. Pruning in winter is a practice as new to me as planting out trees in winter on lime mortar and frozen clods."

"Yes, I 'spose so, major. And to most people besides yourself. But as to the *idea*—it is no idea at all with me; though it was at first. It's a fixed fact now. You see lopping off a limb from a tree while it is dead asleep, as it is in the winter, is just the same philosophy as lopping off a person's leg or arm, or jerking out a tooth, while the patient is unconscious from ether or chloroform. It don't hurt a mite, and there is no shock to, or prostration of, the system. When they wake up the stump is all bandaged up snug—no pain, and they go right on getting well without any pining or whining about it. You see wherever I cut off a limb of much size I dress the cut with leaves and almost any sort of soft mulching, bandage with a bit of matting or any old rag, and in the spring, when the trees wake up the cut is cured, they don't miss their lost limbs an atom, and go right on growing."

Major H—— studied over the thing in silence, never once opening his lips till we were more than a mile up the road, when he observed, gravely:

"Cosmo—Plodder's practice is correct. I am going to follow it. When a man has put his theories, ideas, and philosophy into a dozen years of positive facts, as Plodder has, it is always safe to follow his lead. I shall do so."

CLIPPING AND CLEANING UP.

Begin the new year with a better practice than you did the last one. Don't sit by the fire dreaming, in the way of the women folks after breakfast, guessing you won't go out till after dinner. Nothing much to be done outdoors—no hurry—not a mite of use sauntering around out in the cold.

Nonsense. That's an idler's argument. Drop it, and get out. What if it is a little sharp? Jump round sharper and get warmed up with work. Forty-five odds and ends waiting to be done. Every one of them better done now than put off till spring work hurries—then half of them half done, and the remainder undone. At that rate in ten years or less you will be undone yourself. Look about and hunt up chores. Clip out the briars and bushes from that unsightly corner within thirty yards of your front gate. Clip off and burn all the old canes in black and raspberry patches. Clear off all dead vines, pea brush and rubbish of all sorts from the garden. Fix up fences; gather up and drag together, heap up and burn all sorts of trash. Pitch in with the ashes whatever holds a cent's worth of inert fertility, and make a big heap of capital compost. Wake up—fly round, and warm up outdoors—keep busy and out of the women's way. Get accustomed to keeping things clipped and cleaned up, and get rich faster.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Pork *spiralis* frightening people out west again. One death from pig worms lately. Don't take the scare much—only enough to make you prudent and not eat raw, or half or a quarter raw, pork. Boil it like blazes, fry furiously, or bake thoroughly through, and eat pork with impunity, *spiralis* and all.

—— In several western sections where corn has been reported nearly all killed by the frost before ripening, corn is selling this day at from twenty to thirty-five cents per bushel. No sale at any price for pork.

—— Good apples to be got up in York county for $1.50 per barrel. Good sound cider $6.50. By the time they get down to Philadelphia they somehow run up to $7 and $15.

—— One New Hampshire grape vine gave the past season twenty-three hundred pounds of grapes, marketed at 12½ cents per pound—$287.50 earned by one grape vine. Papers say so. Pretty smart vine that.

—— There are Louisiana oranges in New York market, cheaper, bigger, sweeter, and better every way than any foreign fruit ever imported.

—— Half-a-dozen enterprising individuals are at tea culture in earnest in North and South Carolina. One of the new things we shall know before long will be Carolina teas equal to the best "Imperials" and Japans.

RECEIPTS.

MINCEMEAT.—Ingredients: Three large lemons, three large apples, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, two pounds of moist sugar, one ounce of sliced candied orange-peel, one ounce of sliced candied citron, and the same quantity of lemon-peel, one teacupful of brandy, two tablespoonsful of orange marmalade. Mode: Grate the rinds of the lemons, squeeze out the juice, strain it, and boil the remainder of the lemons until tender enough to pulp or chop very finely. Then add to this pulp the apples, which should be baked, and their skins and cores removed; put in the remaining ingredients one by one, and, as they are added, mix everything very thoroughly together. Put the mincemeat into a stone jar with a closely-fitting lid, and in a fortnight it will be ready for use.

PLUM PUDDING.—Cut four ounces of beef suet fine, and mix it with four ounces of bread crumbs; four ounces of raisins and seed them, four of currants, one ounce of citron cut small; essence or lemon rind to flavor, a little nutmeg grated, two ounces of sugar (some prefer brown.) Beat four eggs with two tablespoonsful of milk. Mix the whole ingredients above stated into it, and incorporate everything thoroughly. Put in two tablespoonsful of rum, a teaspoonful of salt. Dip a clean towel in boiling water, sprinkle flour over it. Put the mixture in. Double up the corners of the towel. Tie as tight as possible. Boil this nine three hours. The longer you boil the lighter it is. When you serve it, pour brandy or rum over it, and send it to the table burning. Serve it in slices. A little butter, flour, sugar, and wine, mixed together on the fire, makes a good sauce.

BEEF AU GRATIN.—Take cold beef, either boiled or roasted, and cut it in thin slices. Grease a tin pan with butter, dust with bread crumbs, put in a little chopped parsley, and lay on the slices of beef. Put salt and pepper and parsley on top, dust with bread crumbs, drop on lemon juice, a little broth just to cover the bottom of the pan, and place it in the oven.

WINE JELLY.—Soak 4 oz. of gelatine in one quart of cold water for half an hour. In the meantime mix with two quarts of cold water six tablespoonsful of brandy, one pint of white wine, six lemons cut up with the peel on, the whites and shells of six eggs, the whites slightly beaten, the shells crushed; 2 lbs. of white sugar, then mix the gelatine with the other ingredients, and put them over the fire. Let it boil without stirring for twenty minutes, strain it through a flannel bag without squeezing; wet the mould in cold water, pour the jelly in, and leave it in a cool place for three hours.

PANCAKE PUDDING.—Break six fresh eggs, separate the yolk from the white, which put in two different basins; add to the yolk two tablespoonsful of white pounded sugar, half an ounce of flour, half the rind of either an orange or lemon, chopped very fine, or a drop of any good essence; beat the whole together, and then with a whisk whip the white of the eggs as you would for a sponge cake. This requires some practice. When hard and white as snow, mix lightly with the yolk, then have ready a very clean frying-pan, which put on a slow fire, add an ounce of butter, when melted put in two tablespoonsful of the batter, let it fry a minute, then toss it up on the other side, as a pancake, turn it on a dish, use all the batter thus, and, when done, put them one on the other. Sugar over, bake ten minutes, and serve.

TO STRENGTHEN VINEGAR.—Freeze it and remove the ice which forms on the surface. The *water* of the vinegar alone freezes, leaving the acetic acid in solution in the remaining water.

CEMENT FOR ROCK-WORK AND RESERVOIRS.—Where a great quantity of cement is wanted for coarser uses, the coal-ash mortar (or Welsh tarras) is the cheapest and best, and will hold extremely well, not only where it is constantly kept wet or dry, but even where it is sometimes dry and at others wet; but where it is liable to be exposed to wet and frost, this cement should, at its being laid on, be suffered to dry thoroughly before any moisture has access to it; and, in that case, it will likewise be a great improvement to temper it with the blood of any beast. The mortar must be formed of one part lime and two parts of well-sifted coal-ashes, and they must be thoroughly mixed by being beaten together, for on the perfect commixture of the ingredients the goodness of the composition depends.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 2, 6, 5, is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 4, 6, 5, 5, is where Adam had his 1, 2, 3, 4, 3.
My 2, 1, 5, is a species of my 4, 3, 7.
My 4, 1, 4, is about the first word uttered by my 3, 1, 2, 6.
My 4, 3, 5, is where wild beasts have their 2, 3, 4.
My 4, 6, 1, 4, is what we will be in the 3, 5, 4.
My 2, 3, 4, is the retreat of those who begin to 5, 6, 4.
My 4, 5, 7, dearly loves to find my 2, 3, 5, 3.
My whole was a captive Hebrew.

WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Charade.

In countries where the snow drifts deep
My *first* will often lie asleep,
While feathery flakes around it arise
A shelter from the hunter's gaze.

In the hazy forest, wild and drear,
My *second* soundeth silv'ry clear,
Many a horned band adorning,
That the traveller may have warning.

My *whole*, though fragile, may be found
On precipice or rocky ground;
Be careful, therefore, lest thou fall
In seeking one who charmeth all.

H. D. W.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in crying, but never in weep,
My 2nd is in dozing, but never in sleep.
My 3rd is in convulsion, but never in fit,
My 4th is in wisdom, but never in wit.
My fifth is in goblin, and also in ghost,
My whole is a writer for "The Saturday Post."

WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

Take thou the noblest of all noble things,
From which alone true freedom ever springs.
Behead, a name you'll have, in Scripture found,
For strongest friendship justly much renowned.
If from this name the final you should take,
Along your path I difficulties make.
But had you taken my head, and re-arranged,
Into a cosy shelter I had changed. A. S.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owed B $500, for which B was willing to wait a year longer, provided A would pay a part, and the interest at 6 per cent. in advance on the remainder. A paid $200. Required—what part is to be credited on the principal.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two perpendicular towers, standing with their bases on level ground 64 feet apart from each other; the higher tower with its top overlooking the top of the lower tower by an excess of 12 feet in height. Now by this required the length of a ladder that will reach from a certain point between the two towers to within 4 feet of the top of the perpendicular height of the higher tower, and without moving the ladder at its foot-hold being leaned over against the lower tower will just reach to the top of this one. And as we are now at requiring heights and distances, we may just as well also find the height of each tower, and the distance from the base of each tower where the foot of said ladder will rest on the ground to balance in plain mathematical science the various conditions of the above problem.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the 1st order a weight of 84 pounds acting at the distance of 14.16 inches from the centre of motion just balances 7 pounds. At what distance from the centre of motion does the power act every inch of the lever weighing 1 pound.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the stern of a ship leaving port like an uncivil gentleman? Ans.—Because it never returns a bow.

☞ What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet never moves? Ans.—The road.

☞ When's a dead body not a dead body? Ans.—When it's a gal-on-a-bier.

☞ Why is a dull book like eternity? Ans.—You read it to no end.

☞ Why is a neat housekeeper like the sea? Ans.—Because she is tide-y.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post, or Lady's Friend, and you will receive a beautiful engraving called "One of Life's Happy Hours."

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of Sept. 1st—40670618881904 and 39450499975894569. J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 3rd—2½ acres. W. H. Morrow; P. J. Smith. The field contains 125 square rods. A. Martin.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of same date—The fly's trace is the "Logarithmic spiral," and he must walk 20 inches to get to the centre of the window. Artemas Martin.